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THE TWELVE SECRETS OF THE WOODS: A WOODCRAFT GIRL KNOWS THEM AND OTHER BEAUTIFUL AND WISE THINGS: BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON, FOUNDER AND CHIEF OF THE WOODCRAFT LEAGUE

(Marginal Sketches from "Two Little Savages," by Ernest Thompson Seton; Courtesy of Doubleday, Page and Co., Publishers)

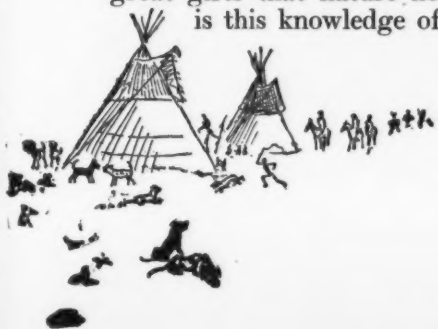


O you know the "Twelve Secrets of the Woods?" Not just any twelve wonderful things that *you* may have discovered in the woods, but the twelve great secrets that all the Woodcraft Girls know, that make them intimate with Nature, that they have discovered camping out deep in the woods or close to the edge of a stream or in the trails leading up some rich, green hillside.

There are always wonderful mysteries to be discovered by everyone who knows the trail to the heart of Nature, but these especial twelve secrets are practical as well as mysterious, and are really part of the equipment of every nature lover and every girl who knows anything of outdoor life—that is, who has lived out of doors as the Indians used to live, taken care of herself, fed herself, made her own bed, built her own fire, watched the dawn come through the trees and slept soundly through wind and rain.

I am not going to answer all the questions involved in these twelve secrets, because if you are really interested in them you will join the Woodcraft League and learn them by heart as well as many other beautiful and wise things. But I am going to ask you a Woodcraft secret and see if you can answer it for yourself, and if you can, you are by instinct one of us, and if you cannot, I think you will feel a little sad. "Have you proved the balsam fir in all its fourfold gifts—as a Christmas tree, as a healing balm, as a consecrated bed, as a wood of friction fire?" If you do not know the balsam fir in these four relationships you have missed one of the great gifts that nature holds for you. One of the twelve secrets is this knowledge of the fir, the right use of the fir for your own happiness.

If you have ever walked down a shady pathway of an autumn day or over a hill-



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A teepee made and ornamented by one of the Woodcraft Girls.

side shaded by chestnuts or butternuts, you have seen nimble little squirrels rushing along fences, waving to you from high branches, and you may have stopped to watch them bury every other nut. Have you asked yourself why this is done? If you have an answer, then you know one of the twelve secrets.

And if you have ever wandered far enough from your city home in the East or the West to discover the "manna food" that grows on rocks summer and winter, and holds up its hands in the Indian sign of innocence, proclaiming its goodness to the world, then you know another secret, a secret that might save your life if you chance to be lost in the woods or on the prairie or along the seashore.

To know all these twelve secrets is to be more or less self-reliant and self-contained as a human being. You may not need them on Broadway, although they

would add to your happiness there because you would feel richer than most people you meet; but if you are determined to have real life as well as cosmopolitan life, then they must be a part of your educational equipment, a very important part, but really just the beginning of it. The Woodcraft League is really a new kind of education for the American girl; it is a fine democratic sort of education, because it is equally important for every girl from every walk of life. There is no girl who wants a really happy, useful life who can afford not to have this education, and the life of every girl, whatever her occupation in life, will be the richer for it. Also, I firmly believe that it will bring together young people from various so-called stations, break down the barriers that society has foolishly placed between them, and establish in their minds while they are young a finer kind of humanity, a real understanding that the important thing is the association of the human spirit, the organization

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of human beings set apart with conventional barriers. There is no way of so widely separating people as by a variation of education, and although America is a democratic nation and the high school system is supposed to break down social barriers, as a matter of fact we do not accomplish much in the way of democratic education through the schools, because the people who most need simple, general instruction are not sent to the public schools, but to special educational organizations where they gain much that is beautiful but not the kind of human intercourse which would be so valuable.

IF you are a Woodcraft Girl you are bound to learn so many kinds of useful things and you are associated with so many kinds of girls who know these sane, beautiful and useful things that you feel at once a deep and wide human comradeship that can only exist, it seems to me, when based upon fundamental intimacy with Nature's ways—the only unchangeable, inevitable ways. And if the young people of this nation can be so trained that they will grow to look upon Nature with eager interest, if they become familiar with her traditions, her kindness, her discipline, her beauty, her tragedies, they will find themselves held together by a bond of sympathy that no superficial, social structure can ever obliterate.



A Woodcraft Girl in costume in her summer camp.



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We have various laws, various regulations, many departments in the Woodcraft League and all the work that is done by the girls is progressive. You graduate, as it were, from one rank to another, and you graduate not merely by what you learn, but by *what you do with what you learn*. You not only must know Nature intimately; but you must know how to live with her in a peaceful, comfortable way; and when you have learned how to live with Nature you will find that you are a very well educated girl along practical, wholesome, democratic lines. You will also learn very much in the way of fine character building, such things as reticence, courage, unselfishness, obedience, respect for wild life, the sacredness of truth, deference, interest in work, and, perhaps most of all, the *joy of being alive*, because *these things which should be fundamental in every life are fundamental in the Woodcraft life*.

There are Twelve Laws for the Regulation of Life for the girls who join the Woodcraft League, just as there are the Twelve Secrets of the Woods to stimulate and illumine the mind. At the very start, you are taught to be brave, rather you want to be brave because you are enabled to see how fine and necessary it is; you are taught the value of silence, of cleanliness, not only personal, but the need of a clean environment for yourself and your spirit; you are taught not only to love the woods, but to preserve the woods; you learn to respect all worship, and then in addition you must be kind and you want to be; there is no other spirit among the Woodcraft Girls, just as there is no other spirit except to be helpful. And, strangely enough, you are also taught the value of good nature. You realize after a very short time among your Woodcraft friends that it is better for your spirit, for your health, for your achievement to be amiable, whether you are sick or well, whether you are in the midst of comfort or discomfort. And in a very short time you learn also that work is a very good thing because it helps to make you and your friends happier and more comfortable.

If you happen to be a young girl well taken care of in a city home, you can be made very comfortable without doing anything for yourself or for anyone else; but if you are a Woodcraft Girl living in the woods you cannot be comfortable for a single minute if you have not worked and planned for your own comfort as well as for others. In other words, I am striving to make it clear that in all the work and study of the League you are not entitled to comfort or happiness unless you have given the equivalent, unless you have earned it, that every person must pay their way in life for everything they have. Grown people learn this soon enough, but the cared-for young people are sometimes not allowed to learn it by the thoughtlessly affec-

A GROUP OF WOODCRAFT BOYS in costume seated about the founder and president of the league, Ernest Thompson Seton.

By the number of feathers these boys wear we judge they have many honors.



The line drawings in this article are from "Two Little Savages," by Ernest Thompson Seton, published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

TWO GOOD WOODCRAFT FRIENDS; the boy holding a woodcraft bed and the girl a woodcraft mattress; both in costume: These are two interested members of the Woodcraft League which Ernest Thompson Seton has founded for the happiness of all young people whether in the city or the country.





MISS ANN SETON, daughter of the founder of the league and one of the most enthusiastic of the Woodcraft girls: She knows all the twelve secrets of the woods and is a great lover of camp life.

She has studied the sign language with her father and in time of peril in country or city could talk the silent language fluently with any other member of the Woodcraft League.

The grace and comfort of the Woodcraft Girl's costume are shown in this picture.



A GROUP OF GIRLS IN COSTUME IN THE COUNCIL RING at the New York headquarters: The Woodcraft camps in cities are designed to help city dwellers to understand that life in the open is the best means of conserving both the children and the woods.

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tionate parents who do not realize that youth is robbed of its equipment for life if it is not taught that it has no right to anything in the world that it does not in some way earn.

AT the very beginning of the work of the Woodcraft League the girl is

started on what is called the "initiation trail," and wonderful things are learned along this pathway—the beauty of that most marvelous and almost unknown thing to youth—silence, and after that, usefulness, making her own bed, her own lamp, her own fire sticks, a basket in which she may gather firewood or carry her clothes to the river's edge to wash. Then the sleeping out of doors without a roof, and, strangely enough, for once at least, fasting twenty-four hours. It is extraordinary how these things that seem so simple to write of enlarge the capacity for thought, increase the imagination and extend the sympathies—three conditions which we do not take into consideration in the ordinary course of education either in our schools or our universities.

We seek thus first of all to refresh the spirit of youth, through a close association with Nature and a careful study of her ways, and then to develop the qualities that bring about a real comradeship. The more material lessons are left until a little later, until the mind and spirit have been so opened that these concrete lessons are not only more easily absorbed, but more eagerly sought.

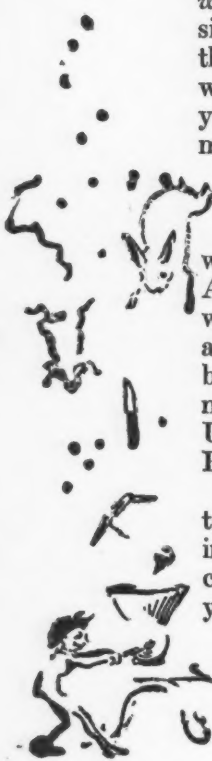
You enter the Big Lodge as a Wayseeker, then, having learned the rudiments of camp life and begun to understand the charm of the woods, you become a "Pathfinder." Before one can become a Pathfinder there are fifteen out of twenty-three tests which must be taken satisfactorily. If you know all of these twenty-three tests, rather, if you have ever striven to pass them, I am sure you will never hear again the word Pathfinder without wanting to lift your hat to the Woodcraft Girl who has that honor. Again each test of itself seems a simple thing and yet I wonder how many grown-up people could successfully pass fifteen of them. The very first thing is that you must be able to walk six miles in two hours and write a satisfactory account of what you have seen. You may have graduated from Harvard and Oxford without being able to do this. And I am sure the highest success that a university could shower upon you would not teach you the real importance of the fourth test—to tie a slip knot, a double knot, a running noose, a halter, a square timber hitch, bow line and hard loop;



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but these are self-helpful things to know if you intend to consort much with Nature.

And can you, for instance, light ten successive camp fires with exactly ten matches, using only wildwood materials? And do you know twenty forest trees, the fruit, the leaf, the trunk and the qualities of the woods, so that the tree becomes to you not merely a tree of some sort or another, but a fellow creature with a name, a personality and a life struggle of its own? Do you know or do you know anyone who knows five edible wild plants? Or take the fourteenth test—have you slept out of doors thirty nights, or, what is far more difficult, have you cooked nine digestible meals by a camp fire for not less than five comrades? Have you taught anyone to swim, or would you know how to take care of anyone suddenly ill or hurt in the woods? Well, if you know any fifteen of these things, and want to be a Pathfinder and are young enough to know the value of real life and real education and real comradeship, you could pass and take rank in the Council of the Woodcraft League.



IF you are a true Woodcraft Girl it is not enough to remain a Pathfinder; there are many more things to be accomplished, many more honors to be won. You are bound to want to become a *Winyan*, "a woman tried and proven." The tests to become a Winyan are twenty-six and twenty of these must be taken. If you can take twenty of them you have a general education of which any girl or young woman would be proud, and which in some phase of life as long as you live you are going to find most useful, not counting the character development you have received in having learned how to do the practical, reasonable things involved in passing the tests. You will have to know twenty wild flowers and five medicinal herbs; you will have to know how to make a comfortable rain-proof shelter of wildwood material. This, of course, will never be needed on Fifth Avenue, but the power to master your surroundings that it gives you will be needed at every turn throughout your life. Such power is also fostered by your knowing how to set up your tepee single-handed; by being able to swim one hundred yards in three minutes; the last a not to be despised accomplishment in these days of the undisciplined U-boat—and a hundred other specified activities in the Birch Bark Roll or Manual.

Think of knowing that you have planted ten desirable trees and ten wild flower roots, that you have cleaned up at least one block in your own town, that you have successfully managed an outdoor camp for at least a week; and here is an extraordinary test that you must pass before you are really a "woman tried and proven."

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The Caribou Dance, which has been seen several times in New York this past winter: Mr. Seton, president of the League, is training the boys and beating time on an Indian drum.

All in one test you must know the methods for panic prevention, what to do in case of fire, electric, ice or gas accident, how to help in the case of a runaway horse, a mad dog or a snake bite, what to do for earache, toothache, grit in the eye and many other difficult situations which fifty per cent. of the grown-up men and women are panic-stricken in the face of.

There are many more departments than just these spiritual and practical ones. For instance, you must learn how to organize tribes, you must learn how to become a ruler of a tribe, you must learn how to bring in and train new members. And then there are special departments for the better understanding of life, for enlarging of your opportunities for making good, for becoming useful members of society. There is one called "The Hunter in Town," which demands that you shall do many things in the way of civic improvements. Then there is the Needle-Woman branch, and there are thirty-eight tests before you are acknowledged a prize needle-woman. I do not know a single girl or young woman who has had the usual

(Continued on page 329.)



THE SCULPTOR AND THE GARDEN: AN- OTHER CHANCE FOR THE FAIRIES

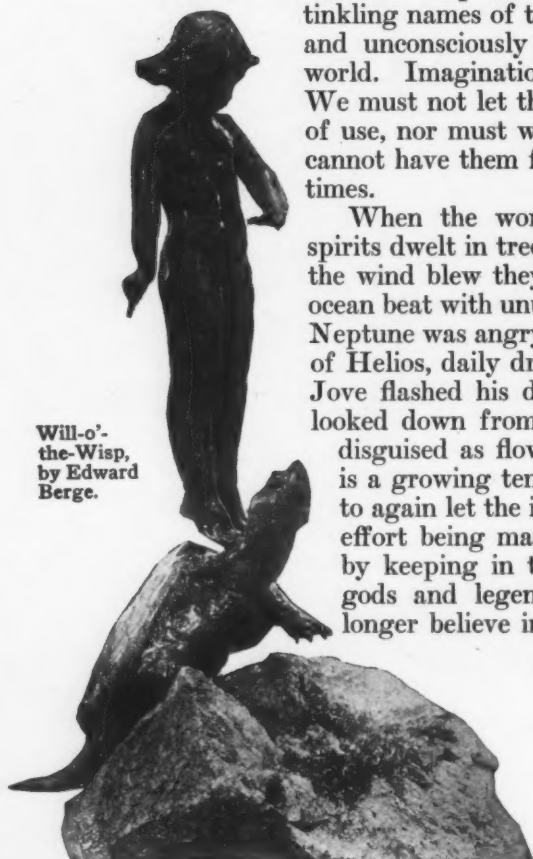


At the hour of midnight in the dark of the moon, the great black bat releases the fairy folk from the spell of invisibility. Then the garden becomes alive with jolly, playful little pixies, elves, fairies and fays that have been hidden in the flowers. Funny wee goblins, gnomes, brownies, kobolds and trolls come out of the rocks, lovely dryads appear in the trees, beautiful naiads arise from the water, fauns gambol lightly upon the lawn to the music of their own fairy songs, Puck sits upon his toadstool throne, Pease-blossom the fairy arrives on gauzy wings, Pan pipes among the reeds, Undine laughs in the fountain, will-o'-the-wisps flit here and there and delicate Ariel plays with the gentle winds. All these charming earth spirits and a great many other delightful creatures may then be seen by mortals with believing child-eyes.

It is truly a pity that there are so few of us grown-up mortals with child-eyes. We have shut ourselves out of an enchanting spirit world with our foolish sneers and stupid scoffs and well deserve the penalty of blindness we have called down upon our heads. Alas, were it not for the artists, the sculptors and poets we would forget even the tinkling names of the pleasant woodland and garden folk and unconsciously deprive our children of their magic world. Imagination and fancy are marvelous magicians. We must not let them fade out of our lives through lack of use, nor must we grow up so high and heavy that we cannot have them for companions in our walks and quiet times.

When the world was young, people believed that spirits dwelt in trees, in storms and in mountains. When the wind blew they heard the voice of Boreas, when the ocean beat with unusual force against the rocks they knew Neptune was angry with them. Phaeton, the glorious son of Helios, daily drove his chariot sun across the heavens; Jove flashed his displeasure in the lightnings and gods looked down from the stars at night or dwelt on earth disguised as flowers of the meadow. Nowadays there is a growing tendency, fortunately for art and poetry, to again let the imagination loose. There is a conscious effort being made by many grown-ups to stay young by keeping in touch with youth, with the lore of the gods and legendary folk. Age comes when we no longer believe in beauty, in gods and fairies, when we

Will-o'-
the-Wisp,
by Edward
Berge.



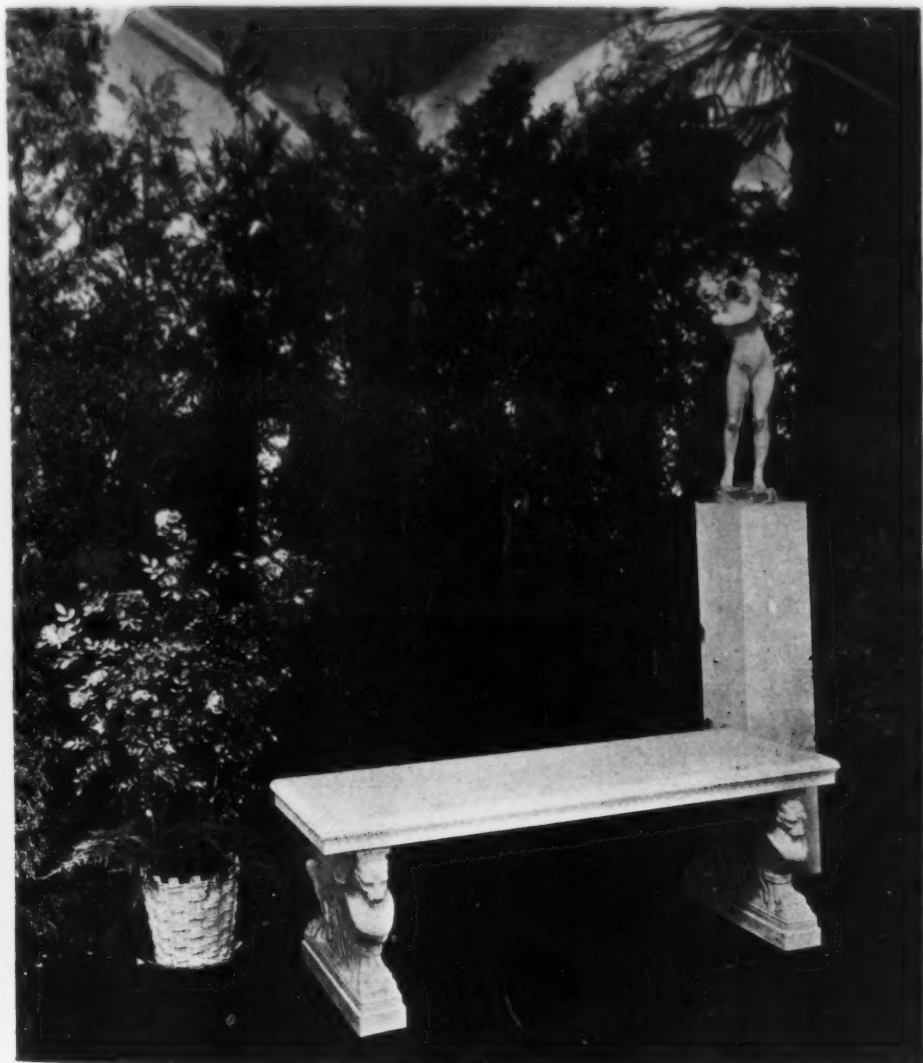
These photographs were all taken from groups in the Spring time Exhibition, arranged by Frank Purdy in the Gorham Galleries.



GROUP FOR GARDEN POOL designed by Charles Carey Rumsey: The water nymph figures are almost life size and designed so that the composition is effective from any viewpoint: Placed in a circular pool in the center of a garden or at the upper end of a long, narrow pool partly enclosed by a hedge or in a more formal garden temple it would center the interest.



FANCY AND IMAGINATION HAVE FULL SATISFACTION
in this exquisite white marble group designed by Paul Manship:
The elfish play-spirit, so delightful a thing in garden sculpture, is
here brought out with a delicacy at once classical and fairy-like.



GARDEN SEATS AND PEDESTALS to hold aloft some especially charming bit of sculpture are pleasant parts of garden furniture: This laughing baby playing with a wreath upon its mother's hair was designed by Edward McCartan.

THE PIED PIPER of Hamelin with his merry tunes led away the village children to the land of purest happiness.

This boy with bagpipe under his arm, designed by Chester French, looks as though he could charm the goldfish and little green frogs in the pool into loveliest of gods and goddesses.



TURTLES in children's minds are not above a merry game with any boy or girl who challenges them as may be seen by this charming group designed by Henri Crenier.



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deny fancy for what we are pleased to call fact, when we no longer peer among the flowers for their spirit, but tear them apart that we may count their petals or see how their stamens are formed.

Now, the first people, in order not to so far forget themselves as to forget the gods, made images of them and set them about their gardens or in their houses, where they could be constantly seen. To this very day a stone or wooden Buddha sits under a thatched shelter at the head of the rice fields in Japan that the laborers may see him and thus remember to invoke his aid with their crops, and every Italian garden has a shrine or an image of a god or goddess. Thus the world of worship, imagery, legend and history is kept in remembrance.

WE, here in America, have taken up gardening with our usual enthusiasm, we have planted trees, set out hedges and flower beds and painted dull barren places with bright flower color. We have all become wise in garden lore, in making many flowers grow where none grew before. We know the scientific names of plants, we have imported rare species and created new ones, but somehow, in spite of this, our gardens have been without spirit or life; they did not seem complete, were empty in spite of the living plants. Gardens are in reality outdoor rooms, and as rooms they need to be furnished with the things that bring physical comfort, such as seats, tables, chairs, hammocks, arbors, arches, etc., and with little stone gods and spirits. As soon as these things appear our gardens begin to look livable, "homey." The stone frogs and turtles at the edge of the pools, the marble dolphins sporting joyously in fountains, iron cranes peering among the iris along the bank, painted weather vanes and bird sticks have brought a delightful humorous play-spirit to the garden and helped them beyond measure. The carved satyrs and fauns, strange as it may seem, have humanized the place because they have related it to our poetry, legend and history, and brought the garden into the understanding world of children.

In almost every art exhibition given in New York City this season, there have been examples of garden sculpture showing the serious thought that is being given to making the garden more beautiful. Gardens are being designed architecturally, so that the framework is beautiful in winter as well as in summer. They are made so that at every season of the year they are lovely, and this is possible by the sculpture being designed especially for gardens. The merry laughing faun in the wall fountain, with beard, nose and pointed ears dripping with icicles, peering through the dead and leafless tendrils of the vine, seems almost more attractive than in his garments

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of summer. The baby satyr bird bath round which the birds of summer circle, dashing in and out through the spray, though lonely, smiles serenely, knowing that with the return of spring the swallows will come again.

An exhibition of garden sculpture that attracted unusual attention was one wherein nothing but garden statuary was shown. Figures for fountains, sun dials, bird baths, in bronze, marble, even concrete, were arranged in circular pools of zinc, rimmed with flowers, backed by evergreens, hedged in with laurel; fountains played, birds in cages sang, the air was full of perfume of flowers. This exhibition in the early part of spring made every garden lover long to sell all that he had and buy those garden pearls of beauty. It was interesting to note that humor played an important part. Children playing with animals, little boys with shells, children with butterflies and rabbits, women, primitive mothers, with children upon their backs, water animals and water babies were in evidence; everything that was beautiful, light and joyous, nothing that was dignified, impressive or awe-inspiring. A few of these beautiful things we are able to show here.

The first is a group for a garden pool by Charles Carey Rumsey, nymphs bathing in a rose bordered pool. There was an exquisite garden group by Paul Manship, the classic beauty of which was brought out by a rich hedge of arbor vitae; Edward McCartan was represented by a lovely garden group. Clio Bracken showed a wonderful wall fountain, the beauty of which cannot be appreciated until water is flowing in and out and under the arms and limbs of the graceful figures forming the crest of the waves. Bridget Guinness' "By the Waters" exhibited a new idea for a pool which could be worked out in small size for a fountain or a larger form for a central pool. Chester Beach showed a merry boy with a bagpipe. The boy and turtle of Henri Crenier carries out to the full the frolicsome spirit so sought for in modern gardens. Right merrily he dodges the tiny jet of water flying up from the turtle's mouth. The Will-o'-the-Wisp by Edward Berge is typical of the spirit we are trying to get in our gardens, something that has to do with children and fairies and laughter, instead of the classical figures of gods and goddesses found in the Italian gardens. We could almost say that nine-tenths of the garden groups of fountains, sun dials, bird baths, etc., are of children in some laughing guise, holding a turtle by the tail, struggling with a monster fish, gazing curiously at frogs, riding upon a dolphin's back, chasing butterflies, teaching the rabbits, gazing with delight at the backward motion of a funny crab.

The tendency of the time toward humorous sculpture in the garden rather than the severely classical reminds us of a saying of



BUBBLES AND FROTH AND SPRAY upon the crest of a wave if seen with childlike eyes are fairies, nymphs and naiads: Clio Bracken designed this exquisite group so that the water as it overflows from the bowl round which these figures are wreathed will run along the groups and find a graceful way over and above the figures.



"BY THE WATERS" is the title Bridget Guinness has given this figure which, unlike Narcissus, ripples the mirror of the pool with playful hand:

This design suggests the possibility of a "lifted pool," that is, one placed almost upon the level of the eyes, upon some grassy mound or pedestal of stone.

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Victor Hugo's. "It is important," he said, "at the present time to bear in mind that the human soul has still greater need of the ideal than of the real. It is by the real that we exist, it is by the ideal that we live. Would you realize the difference? Animals exist, man lives." All these fascinating figures that are finding their way into the garden, laughing children, baby satyrs, gnomes and fairy people, are just the things that we must have need of in this matter of fact practical age. Were it not for some stone embodiment of these beautiful fancies we might let the pendulum of living swing so far to the side of practicality that we would forget that we have the inner as well as the outer necessity of full life.

The merry sprites imprisoned in stone by the magic skill of the sculptors bring beauty to minds as well as to gardens. They cause us to smile which we so much need to do to sweeten and harmonize the too tense and anxious reasoning, bartering and selling of the day. There are a thousand charming ways to use garden figures such as we are here showing. If there are gardens with no pools in them, then the playful children and pixies can be used to hold a sun-dial, a small table-top or vase; they can be used to focus the interest at the end of a vista, to hold a birds' feeding table or bath; they make charming companions in secluded bowers placed on the end of a seat upon a pedestal as shown in one of the pictures. Some of these little figures are made of a composition of concrete and crushed marble. These are as durable as marble and in color are fully as effective as the pure white. In many positions they even look better and the cost is a great deal less. The concrete mixture is poured in a mold, and then before the material is fully hardened is remodeled by the sculptor, so that the marks of the tools are still upon it. Each piece is thus full of an especial individuality and character. Such charming creations are within the reach of almost any garden maker. The dark bronzes and fine marbles are more suitable for large estates where their rich and impressive beauty can have the setting due them.

For every type and every size of garden there are perfect little figures of laughing children, of funny animals or lovely spirits to keep us in remembrance of our own childhood days, those golden days when we "almost" saw fairies sleeping in flowers or riding upon butterflies; when the wind's touch upon our cheek was the caress of an invisible playfellow; when the pine tree sang songs too beautiful to be caught by words. Life is not all heavy work and anxious philosophy. There must be light and playful times as well. There are sages in the world—also little children. We are all indebted to the sculptors who make images of the lovely things we have almost lost the power to see for ourselves and who give us laughing children who never grow old.

POETRY IN PHOTOGRAPHY: PICTURED WITH SUCH FLOWERS AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF



PHOTOGRAPHERS are prone to assure us that Nature is never truly recorded save through the penetrating power of the lens. They tell us that the camera's mechanical construction renders it incapable of aught save absolute truthfulness, that its nature is such that it is impossible for it to take liberties with its subjects or assay so presumptuous a thing as an interpretation.

Things as they are, not things as they seem, is their motto.

Photographers and artists have had many a tilt as to "What is truth?" each side feeling itself victorious, its claims unrefuted. This is natural enough, for each side argues from a totally different standpoint; one sees the external, the other the internal aspect of things; one sees the form, the other the spirit; one the body, the other the soul. An artist often reveals the unsuspected characteristics of people, the qualities generally hidden from the surface, that win our love or provoke our disdain, in spite of flagrantly incorrect drawing. The artist's eyes are ever searching for the real, the eternal, qualities that are seated in the heart of the external shell. The form is naught to him. He is often scarce conscious of it at all. The spirit is all. If he catches the character of a man, he has won his purpose. The photographers strive to reproduce every fair leaf of tree, every characteristic twist of plant stem, the very curve of baby cheek, poise of broad shoulders, swing of vigorous stride; a camera can unerringly reproduce every blade of grass on a bank, every feather of a bird's wing, for it is truly a most marvelous instrument, yet miss the wind's presence among the grass or the joyous life beneath the feathers.

Cameras as a rule save to us events, places, objects with the exactitude of an historian, a technician or the business ledger. They have not been concerned much with the qualities which touch the imagination or fancy, the qualities that linger in our memory or that move our heart. But, like many another insensate thing, they will do anything that the mind of the man operating them commands. Their function is to carry out the will of the operator. If the photographer sees a halo of beauty about a flower, if he is conscious of the silent coming on of evening, the mysterious hush of midday in a desert, then the sensitive plate behind the lens will somehow make note of it.

OF late we have seen photographs that show us such lovely things as the dew upon the grass, the spider's web among flowers, the wind in the tree-tops, the hurry of storm clouds, peace of still pools, light step of dancing children. In these photographs poetry triumphs over realism, showing that the camera has

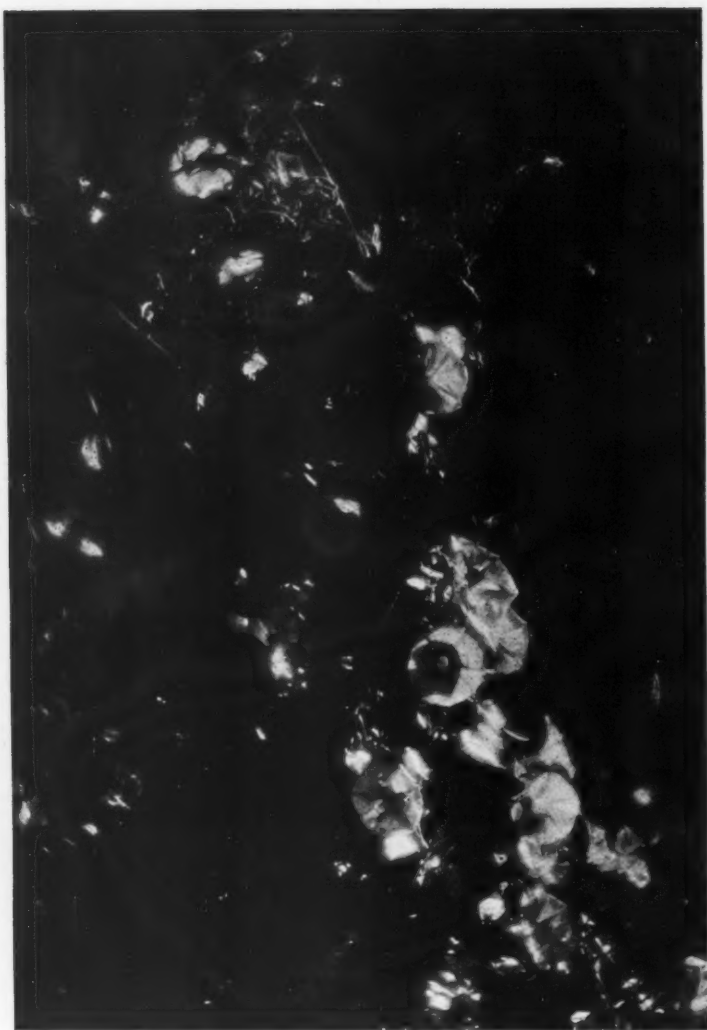
Y E L L O W -
WHITE are the
long racemes of the
locust and fragrant
as well: The black
locust tree is grace-
ful and tall and
makes beautiful
shelter belts:

The golden makes
a fine showing
among shrubs, for it
is small in size and
the foliage turns a
fine bright yellow:
There is one very
fragrant variety
with deep green
leaves, whose flower
pendants are a soft
rose.



"DELICIOUS SYMPHONIES, like airy flowers
Budded, and swell'd, and full-blown, shed full showers
Of light, soft unseen leaves of sound divine."

—Keats.



"AND NATURE HOLDS in wood and field
Her thousand sunlit censers still;
To spells of flower and shrub we yield
Against or with our will."



WHITE STARS
of the woodland
firmament of green
are the blossoms of
the dogwood shown
above: Mr. Field
has caught the al-
most unearthly
beauty radiating
from them: Unless
the camera gives us
this memory of the
May light upon
them it has not
given us the flower
we know:

Painters could
give us no more
artistic report of
flower beauty than
this photograph of
a centaurea: In
composition, light
and shade it is an
inspiration to flower
lovers.



"ERE MAN is aware
That the spring is here
The flowers have found it out."

—Ancient Chinese Sayings.



**MORNING
GLORY,** way-
side cup, fairy
cap, are some of
the delightful
names for this
familiar wayside
flower that every
child knows and
loves: Molded
like a chalice it
opens to the sun
each morning,
closing again
when the day is
done.

"GOD DOES NOT SEND US STRANGE FLOWERS every year.
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces."

—Adeline D. T. Whitney.

POETRY IN PHOTOGRAPHY

power to reproduce the inner spirit as well as the external fact, if put in the hands of an artist.

Mr. J. H. Field, Fayetteville, Arkansas, has done a very wonderful thing in his flower photographs, a thing which we have thought up to now that only an artist could do. He has caught that almost spiritual sense of the flowers that stays clearly in the mind, though the form of the flower be forgotten. He has photographed the loveliness, the exquisiteness of blossoms, the intangible quality that emanates from them, that seems of the fancy rather than a concrete thing. His flower photographs are not botanical studies, but portraits. Each flower is shown in its native grace, in its most picturesque and decorative possibilities. When we think of flowers we do not remember how many petals they have, the shape of its leaf, or the number of its stamens; we think whether it is graceful, strong, appealing or commonplace; in other words, we think of their personalities as we think of friends. Our friends are dear to us not because they are tall or short, have dark eyes or light; they are dear to us because of their sweetness, gentleness, courage, strength, by their individuality which is different from any other.

In one of his morning glory pictures, the flower has swung out a sensitive tendril as though in greeting to the morning sun. One can feel the hush, the mystery of early dawn, the ethereal light which so gently drives back the shadows of night, awakens the little winged creatures in the grass and bids all living things lift up their heads and rejoice. The photograph is full of that fairy sentiment that we have associated with morning glories from our childhood days when we eagerly peered into opening "glories," hoping to see elves sleeping within before they were up and away upon the back of a bumble-bee.

Another picture shows the "glories" with bright "morning faces" turned toward the light as though praising the Lord, as all green growing things of the earth are told to do in the psalms. Again mystery and ethereal beauty fill the picture, like the invisible rustling of wings.

Quite characteristic is his portrait of the locust. In the radiant brightness of the flower pendants, as though they were lighted from within, the lovely dark leaved clusters, strong yet pliant stem, he has caught its wild, exuberant beauty at its full.

The rapturous spirit of spring seems incarnate in his photograph of the dogwood blossoms. In these pictures Mr. Field has proved that the impression of flowers that we retain in our hearts and minds, their personalities, as it were, their color and their qualities can be photographed as well as their uncompromising matter-of-fact structural being.

THE ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTY OF WELL-DESIGNED LATTICE WORK



LATTICE possesses an imaginative, gay and lightsome quality. It has also the arresting charm of a poster, the delicate effect of fine lace, or of a giant cobweb spun across a path. It looks as though its inventor might have caught inspiration from the shadow of interlaced branches of a tree upon a lawn. No garden feature, not even a flashing fountain, can rival its romantic beauty when, in the form of an arch, it spans a walk or a seat and supports a rose that has climbed up and across it by winding in and out of its airy meshes, lifting festoons of blossoms at every turn, dropping color and fragrance through every opening.

The queen of flowers never seems more absolute sovereign of the garden than when enthroned upon a lattice arch, never seems a more bewitchingly loving enchantress than when wreathed about a lattice bower, coyly venturing, coquetting, appearing and disappearing through the white barred frame. Wisteria transforms it into a ladder of green, trailing clouds of lavender and purple glory as she mounts it rung by rung up to the second and to the third stories of a home, honeysuckle upon a square meshed lattice fence is at her best, clematis upon a lattice screen is in her element, the grape never pours more abundantly of its purple wine than when given an arbor to rest upon.

Gardens are never quite complete without an arch, fence, screen or bower of lattice. It would seem unnecessary to say such articles should be made in the simplest way, were it not for the fact that we see its informal nature bent and twisted most horribly into recessed arches topped by recurved scrolls in the most ridiculously elaborate way. Lattice is in its very nature an informal and simple thing, and all its grace and pretty lightness is destroyed when an attempt is made to make it a showy feature of a formal garden. Park architects and real estate promoters are prone to build great structures, fearfully and wonderfully made, of lattice in square, oblong, diamond, octagonal meshes, so fine that not a vine could thrust a tendril through. These structures were not meant to be "ruined" by vines, but to be a background for plaster statues. Invention could formulate no more wretched a background for garden statuary than an elaborately constructed lattice over which no vines are climbing. Such things are devised for city beer gardens, when an illusion of country grounds is desired, and sun and smoke bar out the possibility of living green. But lattice alone will not suggest a garden. Their companion vines must be in evidence to complete their reason for existence.



Photographs courtesy of White Pine Bureau.

DOORWAY WITH LATTICE ARCH and high backed Dutch seats, designed by Robert Seyfarth: The wide depressed oval of the arch, the large simple form of lattice are the perfect complement to the glass door, brick wall and white shingles of the house.

SPRING HOUSE covered with old-fashioned diamond meshed lattice arbor: This is a type so associated with early New England houses: It has in fact stood many years just as it now is, proving the lasting quality of wood.

The water piped from a distant spring drips into a great iron maple sugar kettle; woodbine with its dense shade keeps it cool even in summer weather and in the autumn covers it with leaves of flame.

This spring house stands by the kitchen door of a remodeled old New England farmhouse: The wisdom of the architect is shown in the fact that he retained this fine diamond mesh instead of replacing it by the more modern square meshed lattice.



DIAMOND MESHED ARCH over the door of Roseneath Cottage now the home of Miss Susan B. Willard, Bingham, Massachusetts.

This simple old-fashioned lattice has a homey quaint appearance often lacking in a more pretentious doorway.

Scarlet trumpet creepers were favorites for doorway arches in great-grandmother days because they would survive the severe winters and shout the coming of summer through scarlet trumpets year after year for many generations.



ROSES twine through the meshes of this white lattice doorway, designed by the architects, Winslow & Bigelow.

Part of the attractiveness of this doorway lies in the square meshes and in the fact that the trellis leans slightly against the door hood.



TRELLIS in the form of a window shelter is far more decorative than awnings and when vines cover it serves the purpose of keeping out the sun equally well.

This green and white frame was designed by James Purdon and proves of great architectural value to the house.

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LATTICE IN THE FORM OF LADDERS and incorporated directly in the house construction as has been done in this house, designed by Frank D. Meade and James R. Hamilton for "Gray Gables," the home of J. H. Woods, Esq., Clifton Park, Lakewood, Ohio, makes an extremely decorative effect.

LATTICE AS AN ARCHITECTURAL ORNAMENT

WE are showing a few ideal ways to use trellis architecturally. A lattice is preëminently a garden device, so if a natural excusable way be found to use it as an integral part of a house design, it connects house and garden in a most perfect way. When made flat in a large square mesh and built into the house directly over a window, horizontally or paneling a door, the vines will soon find it out and claim it as their own. They know just what to do with it, just how to cover some of it out of sight and how to leave other parts of it visible; they cling to it with firm grip, then release delicate tendrils to swing airily and cast lovely shadows against the house.

The first photograph, from a doorway designed by Robert Seyfarth, seems as perfect an architectural use for lattice as could be devised. There is a gracious hospitable informality about it that is most effective. The high backed Dutch seat is conveniently placed for the last pleasant word or two with the departing guest, or for a moment's rest before going indoors after a long walk, or for a sheltered morning hour with sewing or a book. How delightfully simple are the design and proportion! If the arbor had been made with the fine diamond mesh that is so picturesque in some situations, the effect upon this house would not have been so good. The wide oval arch and wide long panels are the perfect combination for the glass door, brick walk and simple shingle house.

On the following page of illustrations are two examples of diamond lattice used in most appropriate fashion. The diamond-meshed lattice has framed the doorway of Roseneath Cottage, now the home of Miss Susan B. Willard, at Bingham, Massachusetts, ever since about sixteen hundred and sixty. Supporting a scarlet trumpet vine and banked by flowers at its base, it is of the type so familiar in old days, so beloved by the present generation because of great-grandmother associations. It has a homey, quaint, friendly appearance often missed by a more pretentious doorway. The diamond-meshed arbor over the well is from another of the old-time New England homesteads that cannot be improved upon for pleasant informal hominess. This spring house covered with woodbine, hard by the kitchen door, is a cool and refreshing spot on even the hottest summer. Water, piped from a spring high in the hills, drips steadily into a great iron maple-sugar kettle. All this old-fashioned charm seems indicated in the simple green and white latticed well house.

More modern is the latticed treatment of the door and window shown on the page just opposite from the old-fashioned well house. By the simple plan of leaning the latticed panel against the top of the door hood, the architects, Messrs. Winslow and Bigelow, have

LATTICE AS AN ARCHITECTURAL ORNAMENT

created an entrance of rare classic beauty. Roses are of course the perfect choice for color and refined finish for this doorway. It may be noted that part of the attractiveness of this trellis lies in the simple, wide interstices. An interesting variation in the use of trellis panels is seen in the square frame over the window shown on the same page. Better than any awning is this green and white sun screen. One can fancy the beautiful effect of this screen from within the house when the vines, having reached maturity, lower their fragrant color pendants through the green lattice. Viewed from the outside it is a delightfully decorative architectural feature. This window frame was designed by James Purdon. Such a structure might advantageously be erected over a coal cellar window or chute. The loading of the coal would be in no wise hampered and a disagreeable feature of the house would be overcome.

LATTICE work in the form of ladders can be incorporated directly in house construction in many effective ways. Combined with a pergola entrance, placed flat against the house wall, they have the appearance of an airy extension. Vines could not have a more practical or appropriate foothold, or more pleasing chance to embroider the face of the house. It would be difficult for even a creeper to climb up the wall of "Gray Gables," the home of J. H. Woods, Esq., Clifton Park, Lakewood, Ohio, designed by Frank D. Meade and James R. Hamilton, architects, Cleveland, Ohio, without some such aid. The large windows, glass door, soft swell of roof, window boxes and plant jars, profusion of vines and blossoming shrubs make up an unusually pleasing and lovable home entrance. Lattice even in Spenser's time moved the soul of poets. In his "Faerie Queene" he praises them with quaintest of words:

"And over him, Art striving to compare
With Nature, did an arbour green dispread,
Fram'd of wanton ivy, flow'ring fair,
Through which the fragrant eglantine did spread
His prickling arms, entrail'd with roses red
Which dainty odours round about them threw;
And all within with flow'rs was garnished,
That when mild Zephyrus amongst them blew,
Did breathe out bounteous smells and painted colours shew."

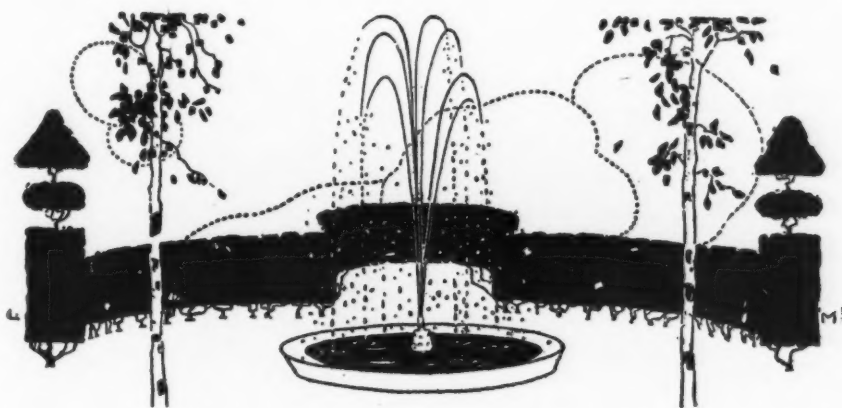
The unimaginative, practical man decides against summer houses covered with vines because, he growls complainingly, "they get fusty." Such grumblings are laughed at by lovers of garden beauty. They, wisely enthusiastic, care naught for possible mustiness; they

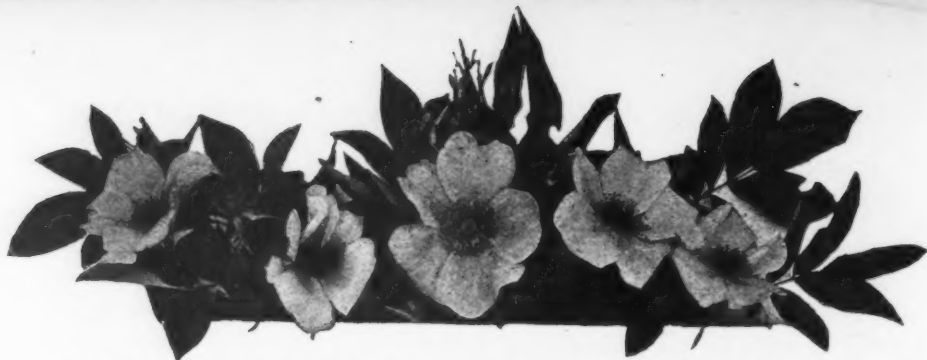
LATTICE AS AN ARCHITECTURAL ORNAMENT

think instead of the fragrance released to the world at large when roses and honeysuckles bloom.

There is no reason why lattice arbors and summer houses, when made of white pine with galvanized nails and occasionally painted, should not outlast several generations of builders. We have records of white pine garden trellises still in good condition that have supported roses for a hundred years and more. All through New England abandoned farmhouses are to be found falling to sad decay through ruinous neglect; yet the lattice arch over the gate, or the trellis screen by the porch, or the airy summer house will still remain, mutely testifying to the taste and loving care of the home makers of long ago.

Lattice always seems artificial and out of place within doors. No matter how cleverly the effect of out of doors is simulated in inner courts, it nevertheless shows that it is an imitation of something—a poor counterfeit that deceives no one. The place of lattice is essentially out of doors, associated with vines, green lawns and moonlight, not with enclosed corridors, artificial flowers, electric lights and plush carpets. White, or white and green, or pale gray have been the favorite colors for painting, though occasionally, such is the modern craze for color, they are painted in the gayest of yellows, scarlets or black.





ROSES: BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT



OUTSIDE there was a foot of steely frost in the ground; and though we were just well into the gray days of December, winter had become irksome—a white and tiresome lid that had lain upon Nature quite long enough. The Little Girl's essay of that day had to do with open weather and growing days. Spring had appeared in The Abbot's paper. . . . Memories of other springs began to consume us that day. We talked of bugs and buds and woodland places—of the gardens we would make next year. . . .

"When roses began to come out for me the first time," said the old man, "I sort of lost interest in the many flowers. I saw a rose-garden and a little beside—vines, of course. I know men who fall like this for the iris, the dahlia, the gladiolus and the peony. There are folks who will have poppies and petunias, and I know a man who has set out salvia in his front yard with unvarying resolution—oh, for many years. He knows just how to set them out, and Christmas is over for that place with the first hard frost in the fall. There is one good thing about poppies. They do not lie to you. They are frankly bad—the single ones dry and thin with their savage burning, their breath from some deep concealed place of decay. The double poppies are more dreadful—born of evil thoughts, blackness blent with their reds. Petunias try to appear innocent, but the eye that regards them as the conclusion in decorative effect has very far to come. Every man has the flower that fits him, and very often it is the badge of his place in human society.

"The morning-glory is sweeter-natured and somewhat finer in color, but very greedy still. It does not appreciate good care. Plant it in rose soil and it will pour itself out in lush madness that forgets to bloom. Each flower tells its story as does a human face. One needs only to see deeply enough. The expression of inner fineness makes for beauty."

Which remarks were accepted without comment.

"Again," the old man added, "some of the accepted things are

ROSES: BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

not so far along in beauty. Tulips are supposed to be such rejoicers. I can't see it. They are little circles, a bit unpleasant and conceited. If one were to explain on paper what a flower is like to a man who had never seen anything but trees, he would draw a tulip. They are unevolved. There is raw green in the tulip yellows; the reds are bloody as the Balkans, and the whites are either leaden or clayey. . . . Violets are almost spiritual in their enticements. They have color, texture, form, habit, and an exhalation that is like a love potion—earthy things that ask so little, do so well apart and low among the shadows. They have come far like the bees and the martins. Lilacs are old in soul, too, and their fragrance is loved untellably by many mystics, though the green of their foliage is questionable. Nothing that is old within is complacent. Complacency goes with little orbits in men and all creatures."

"Cats are complacent," said The Abbot.

"**N**ASTURTIUMS are really wonderful the more one lives with them," the voice of The Abbot went on. "They are not so old, but very pure. Their odor, in delicacy and earth-purity is something that one cannot express his gratitude for—like the mignonette. Their coloring and form warm us unto dearer feelings. They seem fairer and brighter each year—not among the great things yet, but so tenderly and purely on the way. Then I may betray a weakness of my own—and I am glad to—but I love the honeysuckle vine. Its green is good, its service eager, the white of its young blossoms very pure and magically made. The yellow of its maturer flowers is faintly touched with a durable and winning brown like the Hillingdon rose, and its fragrance to me, though very sweet, has never cloyed through long association. Yet clover scent and many of the lilies and hyacinths and plants that flower in winter from tubers can only be endured in my case from a distance."

"Soon he will get to his roses," said the Little Girl.

"Yes, I am just to that now. It has been an object of curiosity to me that people raise so many *just roses*. This is a world by itself. There is a rose for every station in society. There are roses for beast and saint; roses for passion and renunciation; roses for temple and sanctuary, and roses to wear for one going down into Egypt. There are roses that grow as readily as morning-glories and roses that are delicate as children of the Holy Spirit, requiring the love of the human heart to thrive upon before sunlight and water. There is a rose for Laura, a rose for Beatrice, a rose for Francesca.

"Do you know that one of the saddest things in the world is that

ROSES: BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

we have to hark back so far for the great romances? Here am I recalling the names of three women of long ago, whose kisses made immortals of their mates—as thousands of other writers have done who seek to gather a background out of the past against which to measure their romances. You will say that the romances of today are not told; that a man and woman of today keep the romance part of their life from the world—of all things most sacred. You may discuss this point with eloquence and at length, but you are not on solid ground. A great romance cannot be veiled from the world, because of all properties that the world waits for, this is the most crying need. Great lovers must be first of all great men and women; and lofty love invariably finds expression, since greatness, both acknowledged and intrinsic, comes to be through expression. A great romance will out—through a child or a book or some mighty heroism. Its existence changes all things in its environment. One looks about the place of it and finds reporters there. The highest deeds and utterances and works have come to man through the love of woman; their origins can be traced to a woman's house, to a woman's arms. A woman is the mother of a man's children but the father of his actions in the world. He is but the instrument of bearing; it is her energy that quickens his conceiving.

R OSES—how strangely they have had their part in the loves of men and women! Do you think that our Clovelly roses have come to be of themselves? Do you think that the actual *hurt* of their beauty—the restless, nameless quest that comes spurring to our hearts, from their silent leaning over the rim of a vase—is nothing more than a product of soil and sun? Has their great giving to human romances been dead as moonlight? Have roses taken nothing in return? . . . I would not insist before the world that the form and fragrance and texture of the rose has come to be from the magnetisms of lovers, but here we may think as we like. That liberty is our first law. We may believe, if we like, that the swans of Bruges have taken something in return for their mystic influence upon the Belgian lovers at evening—something that makes a flock of flying swans one of the most thrilling spectacles in Nature.

“ . . . I was speaking of how curious it is that so many people who have reached roses—have ended their quest on the borders, at least that they linger so long. They raise red roses; they bring forth spicy June roses. In truth, the Quest never ends. We do not stop at the Clovelly, which has so strangely gladdened our past summer. One passes from the red to the white to the pink

ROSES: BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

roses—and then enters the garden of yellow roses, the search ever more passionate—until we begin to see that which our hearts are searching—not upon any plant, *but in ideal*.

"The instant that we conceive the picture, Earth and Sun have set about producing the flower—as action invariably follows to fill the matrix of the thought. At least we think so—as the universe is evolving to fulfill at last the thought of God.

"The Quest never ends. From one plant to another the orchid-lover goes, until he hears at last of the queen of all orchids, named of the Holy Spirit, which has the image of a white dove set in a corolla as chaste as the morning star. An old Spanish priest of saintly piety tells him, and he sets out for the farthest continent to search. It was his listening, his search for the lesser beauty that brought him to the news of the higher. It is always so. We find our greater task in the performance of the lesser ones. . . . But roses—so many by-paths, because roses are the last and highest word in flowers, and the story they tell is so significant with meanings vital to ourselves and all Nature.

"**A**BOUT THE COLORS—first we have the greens. There are good greens—the green of young elms and birches and beeches. Green may be evil, too, as the lower shades of yellow may be. The blend of green and yellow is baleful. The greens are at the bottom. They are Nature's nearest emerging—the water-colors—the green of the water-courses and the lowlands. Nature first brings forth the green and then the sun does his part. Between the rose-gold of a tea-rose and the green of a lichen, there seems to be something like ninety degrees of evolution—the full quarter of the circle, that is similarly expressed between the prone spine of the serpent and the erect spine of man.

"Reds are complimentary to the greens and appear next, refining more or less in accord with the refinement of the texture upon which they are laid; the third refinement taking place almost at the same time, that of form. These refinements of value are not exactly contemporary. There are roses, for instance, to represent all stages—roses that are specializing in their present growth, one might say, in form or color or texture; but in the longer line of growth the refinement is general. We look from our window at the Other Shore and a similar analogy is there. From this distance it seems but one grand sweep to the point of the breakers, but when we walk along the beach we are often lost to the main curve in little indentations, which correspond to the minor specializations of evolving things. It is the same in man's case. We first build a body, then a mind, then a soul

ROSES: BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

—and growth in the dimension of soul unifies and beautifies the entire fabric. All Nature reveals to those who see—that the Plan is one. . . .

THE first roses were doubtless a watery red. Their color evolved according to association of the particular plants, some into the deeper reds, others paling to the white. It was the latter that fell into the path of truer progress. Reaching white with a greatly refined texture, the sun began to paint a new beauty upon them—not the pink that is a diluted red, but the coloring of sunlight upon the luster of a pearl. The first reds were built upon the greens; this new pink was laid upon a white base.

"The story is the same through all evolving things. Growth is a spiral. We return to the same point but upon a higher level. Our ascent is steadily upward—always over hills and valleys, so to speak, but our valleys always higher above the level of the sea. So that the white is a transition—an erasure of the old to prepare for the finer coloring.

"And now comes the blend of the maiden pink and the sunlight gold. The greens and the reds are gone entirely. Mother earth brings up the rose with its virgin purity of tint, and the sun plays its gold upon it. There are pink and yellow roses to show all the processes of this particular scope of progress; some still too much pink; other roses have fallen by the way into lemon and ochre and sienna; there are roses that have reverted to the reds again; roses that have been caught in a sort of fleshly lust and have piled on petals upon petals as the Holland maidens pile on petticoats, losing themselves to form and texture and color, for the gross illusion of size. We see whole races of men lost in the same illusion. . . .

"There are roses that have accomplished all but perfection, save for a few spots of red on the outer petals—like the persistent adhering taint of ancient sins. . . . But you have seen the Clovellys—they are the best we have found. They have made us deeper and wiser for their beauty. Like some saintly lives—they seem to have come all but the last of the ninety degrees, between the green of the level water-courses and the flashing gold of the meridian sun. . . . The Mother has borne them and in due time—as men must do or revert to the ground again—they have turned to the light of the Father. . . . The fragrance of these golden teas is the sublimate of all Nature. Man, in the same way, is inclusive of all beneath. He contains earth, air, water, fire, and all their products. In the tea-rose is embodied all the forces of plant-nature, since it is the highest manifestation. . . . The June roses have lost the

THE OLD ROAD TO PARADISE

way in their own spice; so many flowers are sunk in stupors of their own heavy sweetness. The mignonette has sacrificed all for perfume, and the Old Mother has given her something not elsewhere to be found; the nasturtium has progressed so purely as to have touched the cork of the inner vials, but the golden teas have brought the *fragrance itself* to our nostrils. Those who are ready can sense the whole story. It is the fragrance of the Old Mother's being. You can sense it without the rose, on the wings of a south wind that crosses water, or meadows after a rain."

THE OLD ROAD TO PARADISE

OURS is a dark Eastertide, and a scarlet spring,
But high up at Heaven's gate all the saints sing,
Glad for the great companies returning to their King!

Oh, in youth the dawn's a rose, dusk an amethyst,
All the roads from dusk to dawn gay they wind and twist,
The old road to Paradise, easy it is missed!

But out in the wet battlefields few the roadways wind,
One to grief, one to death—no road that's kind—
The old road to Paradise, plain it is to find.

(*St. Martin in his Colonel's cloak, St. Joan in her mail,
King David with his crown and sword—oh, none there be that fail—
Along the road to Paradise they stand to greet and hail!*)

Where the dark's a terror-thing, morn a hope doubt-tossed,
Where the lads lie thinking long, out in rain and frost,
There they find their God again, long ago they lost.

Where the night comes cruelly, where the hurt men moan,
Where the crushed, forgotten ones whisper prayers alone,
Christ along the battlefields comes to lead His own.

Souls that would have withered soon in the world's hot glare,
Blown and gone like shriveled things, dusty on the air,
Rank on rank they follow Him, young and strong and fair!

*Ours is a sad Eastertide, and a woeful day,
Yet high up at Heaven's gate the saints are all gay,
For the old road to Paradise—'tis a main traveled way!*

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

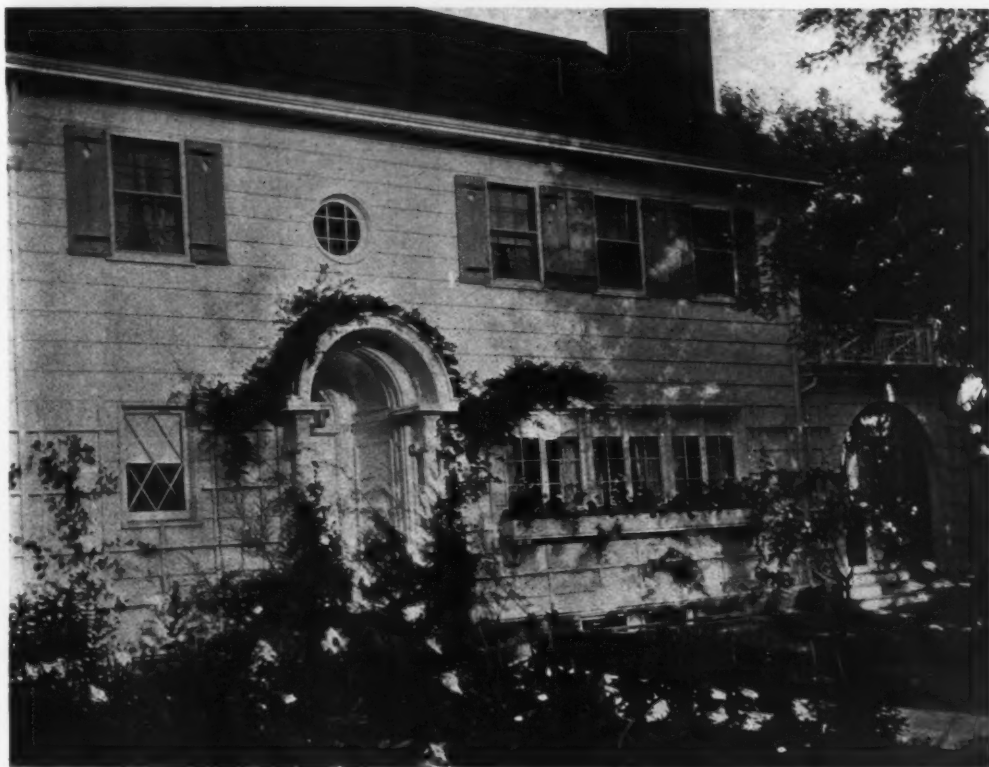
TRADITION AND COMFORT CHARMINGLY BLENDED IN A MODERN COLONIAL HOME



MODERN Colonial architecture of whatever the type must possess the same staunch, romantic qualities that distinguish those early ones now so revered to us through historic association, else they are disappointing, sometimes even to the point of being ridiculous. There must be modern initiative, while retaining local historical flavor. Originality must prevail as positively in our present-day houses as in those built by our forefathers. Those old builders followed tradition to a certain extent, yet adapted it to local necessity, changed roof lines, made use of different material, added porches, enlarged windows, varied individual homes in many positive ways, yet kept, in spite of it all, certain main characteristics. Each man according to his needs, tastes, income and social position, changed the general plan to suit his individual ideals. Thus great and delightful diversity was gained, yet the robust, graceful characteristic of the Colonial was retained.

In the house recently designed by Bernhardt Müller for William R. de Vries, Ida Grove, Iowa, may be seen an example of great individuality that nevertheless conforms to type. It is full of a pleasing variation. It has a plain, unassuming, comfortable, homey feeling that the old builders generally managed to get into their work, a sturdiness, yet withal a fine delicacy, an unpretentious yet elegant atmosphere. Like some of the Salem and old Hurley houses this structure has that feeling of domesticity without which a house never wins the right to wear the sweet name of home. There is the same friendly reserve that distinguished our first American houses. Security and comfort were the chief requirements of the early homes. Beauty and charm came to them with the establishment of the primal needs. When the vegetables began to come up in neat, trim rows and the flowers to show color, when the fields gave promise of harvest and the fruit trees bordered the lanes, when peonies and lilac bushes bloomed at the door and the well sweep cut gracefully into the sky, the beautiful home spirit was created and dwelt where man tilled the land and loved it. There is no difference between the old and the new requirements for a home. The signs of use, of love and of pleasure in the home and the land must always be in evidence. Open doors, raised curtains, smoke issuing from the chimneys, trees laden with fruit, flowers in bloom, some such commonplace signs of a joyous, worth while living must be seen else the place looks forbidding instead of inviting.

This house of Mr. Müller's, though but a few feet back from a city street, somehow holds a full suggestion of home requirements.



MODERN TYPE OF COLONIAL HOUSE designed for William R. de Vries, Ida Grove, Iowa, by Bernhardt Müller: The eaves come close down to the top of the windows as in the old type: The roof is laid so that every tenth course of shingle forms a slight line: This gives quality and interest to the roof, which is stained silver gray: The lattice runs around the entire first story of the house to hold climbing red roses.



ARCHWAY OVER ENTRANCE to the kitchen garden of this same house, showing the pleasant service porch and convenient resting seat by the tall red and pink hollyhocks:

This arch is virtually a continuation of the lattice that covers the entire first story of the house designed to give support to the red roses: If the roses show inclination to reach above the top line they are trained back to a more orderly position:

The beauty of this arch cannot be determined until the vines have grown over it: Nevertheless its broad, generous proportions give the kitchen portion of the house a dignity and an importance not generally given it:

A garden or service gateway offers one of the most delightful opportunities for picturesque designing.

DUTCH COLONIAL, round-hooded, indented doorway of the de Vries house, showing delicate detail and rounding form of the low entrance steps of rough Colonial brick:

Red roses climb through the trellis that is built a few inches out from the house and over the hood, thus making a graceful line across the front of the house:

The round oriel over the door gives light to the passageway between the master's bedroom and dressing room:

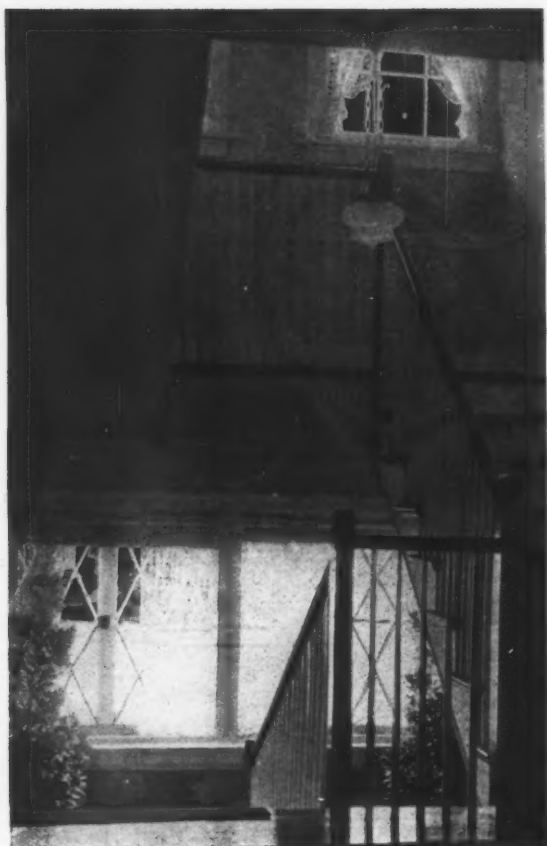
Two designs of cut-outs may be seen on the shutters, which are painted pea green and provided with hand-hammered iron strap hinges:

In modern home building the doorway now has a chance as never before of being the center of interest and the chief note of originality of design: The whole character of the house may be determined from this one feature: Broad, hospitable, showy or simple it gives an important clue to the manner of people living within.





GREAT TREES GIVE PRIVACY and beauty to this house, designed by Bernhardt Müller, which stands but a few feet back from the street: The large living porch extending the width of the house may be seen with the half enclosed sleeping porch above and its open sunny porch.



COLONIAL STAIRWAY
showing slender white spindles
and mahogany railing built after
the graceful fashion of long ago:

The first few steps of this stairway are seen at the end of the hall as one enters through the door:

Some of the most beautiful of the early Colonial staircases started directly from the entrance hall or "house place" as it used to be called:

Today there is a return to favor in the staircases with several landings which not only make a pleasant decorative feature of the stairway, but make the ascent much easier:

In some of the more elegant houses the newel was elaborately carved, but in a simple home of this type the slender spindles and simple hand rail, not too large to grasp easily, are by far the most suitable: The treads are low so that the whole stairway is well planned and beautifully designed:

At the right of the entrance is the wide arch into the living room flanked by two slender columns, permitting a view of the great open cheery fireplace at the end of the room:

At the left is the tall arched doorway leading to the den, beside it is a smaller door of the same type opening into the hat closet.

GRACEFUL DOORWAYS of same type but of slightly different proportion give a pleasant variation as may be seen by the photograph at the right taken from the far end of the sitting room, including the slender columns on either side of the archway.



TRADITION AND COMFORT IN COLONIAL HOMES

The play of sunshine and shadows of the fine trees upon the lawn, the profusion of flowers, simple good lines of the building, purity of type all conduce to desired home atmosphere. The details of construction will be full of interest to people about to undertake the anxious though pleasant responsibility of home making. The eaves come close down to the top of the windows, a characteristic of the early Dutch Colonial houses; the shingles are laid wide to the weather (in this same type of old houses, fourteen inches was often the width of the exposure)—in this case it is twelve inches in random widths. Shingles are red cedar painted white. The roof was laid in an unusual manner. Every tenth course was given an extra line to create a little texture, to add interest and to give artistic quality. It is stained a silver gray. The shutters are painted pea green. Black hand-hammered iron strap hinges and different shaped cut-outs complete them. One photograph shows a diamond, a crescent and a heart-shaped cut-out. This idea of varying the patterns is also characteristic of early Dutch shutters. There is an inch and a half air space between the sheathing and the boards. This space, with the studs, lath and plaster, makes the house dry and warm. All joints, are white leaded.

IN the same yard with this house is another one made for a member of the same family, that varies but slightly from the de Vries house. It also was designed and built by Mr. Müller. The hood over the entrance is a little simpler and the window above it is square; but in the main the plan has been the same. Both these houses have been given unusual trellis treatment. The trellis, built up to the second story, runs completely around each house. Behind this trellis the house wall is of tongued and grooved boards with half-round covering of joints. The trellis is built out a few inches from the wall, so that the red roses can grow back of it, thus permitting some of the white trellis to show while giving greater freedom to the vine. If the vines show tendencies to creep above the top of this lattice they are trained back, except, of course, when encouraged to run over the doorway and the garden entrance that looks like a continuance of the wall trellis. Thus the first story of each house will be practically covered with roses through which the windows will peer. From within they will seem framed with leaves and roses. The effect of these sister-houses from the street is as though they rested upon or rose from a bank of flowers; an illusion brilliant, charming and unusual in the extreme.

An especial architectural feature of the de Vries house is the entrance. It is modeled after the best of the Colonial, round-hooded doorways. Slender Ionic columns support a hood relieved by delicate

TRADITION AND COMFORT IN COLONIAL HOMES

detail of dentils, characteristic of that period. The entrance and the door are white enamel. The steps built out in half round are all rough textured star Colonial brick, the large chimneys are made of this same brick. The picturesque result may be seen from the accompanying photographs. This picture reminds us that the doorway was first given prominence as a decorative feature by the Dutch. They developed the hood, upheld it by slender turned columns, put in fan lights over the door or paneled windows at the side, and thus gave it genuine prominence. From this expansion of the doorway and of the steps leading up to it came the porch. Porches did not appear on the American houses until the need of grace and beauty began to be felt. Houses with no porches, with but the straight uncompromising door, look cold and rather forbidding. The porch or the more gracefully designed doorway give a house a more welcome graciousness.

Entering the hall through the indented hooded doorway the staircase with slender Colonial spindles is seen at the back. A tall and beautifully proportioned arched door at the left leads to the den; beside it is a smaller door, arched like its neighbor, only not so high, opening into a coat closet. The different heights of these two doors so close together give pleasant variation. At the right of the entrance is the large living room separated from the hall only by a large archway flanked by two simple, slender columns. A great fireplace with shelves for books on each side holds first attention at the far end of the room. The mantel is Colonial, white enameled, copied somewhat from the beautiful one in the Cook house near Germantown designed by Wilson Eyre. Above it is a large pencil drawing washed lightly with color, in tints harmonizing with the coloring of the room. The walls of this living room are papered with pearl gray, with hints of pale old rose in the shadows. Hangings of old rose, furniture of mahogany, woodwork finished in white enamel combine to make a bright, cheerful, harmonious room.

THE floor plan reveals a fine thought for roominess and comfort generally. There is no waste space here, no extra steps to be taken. The dining room is entered from the living room. Built-in china closets on either side of a large window form a pleasant picture seen through the arch between the two rooms. A generous butler's pantry separates the kitchen and dining room. The kitchen is entered from the outside through a vine covered porch. A garden of flowers with seat for rest and enjoyment is close to this sheltered porch.

Upstairs are three large bedrooms, a sleeping porch, dressing room, bath and several good closets. At the side of the outdoor sleep-

TRADITION AND COMFORT IN COLONIAL HOMES

ing room, which is somewhat enclosed, is an open porch with a railing about it. It may be seen in one of the photographs. The round window over the front entrance of the house gives light to the passageway between the owner's large bedroom and the dressing room. This large bedroom is provided with a cozy fireplace. All the upper rooms are entered directly from the hall. The whole plan of the interior of the house is concise, direct, and reasonable. There is no waste space or expense in useless walls and no confusing arrangement of doors and windows.

The greatest divergence in type between the old and the new houses is to be found within doors. The exterior of modern homes conforms rather tenaciously to type, but the present ideas of comfort demand a most radical change within. The rooms of the earliest houses were mainly upon the ground floor, the upper part being a sort of attic or garret where furniture and clothing not in immediate use were kept and where the winter's store of grain and vegetables was safely stored. If the roof gable were high enough to provide headroom, part of the space was used for a small sleeping room, whose only ventilation was by low dormers or by small windows at either side of the chimney.

Large kitchens with wide fireplaces and great ovens beside them were the radius around which the rest of the house revolved. Many cupboards, some of them elaborately carved, stood against the walls and several pantries opened from this pleasantly cheerful and busy room, for they were good liveries in those old days and enjoyed a fine meal. The bedrooms were small and the parlor was kept closed most of the time. With us the living room where the family gathers together is the most vital part of the house. Bedrooms are large and airy, halls wide. Closets take the place of wardrobes and the kitchen is smaller, but with its arrangements all striving to facilitate work. There is no long walk to the cupboard for the necessary cups, plates and basins, for everything is placed within easy reach that no unnecessary steps may be taken in preparing meals. Efficiency is as apparent in the modern kitchen as a modern office. Cupboards are near the dining room, sink and drainboards close by the shelves. Many windows give an abundance of light and are placed so that they provide the best ventilation. All such changes bear record of man's effort to keep pace with the ever increasing demands of civilization for real comfort and beauty.

An architect's problem nowadays is as much that of detailed interior arrangement as it is of creating external beauty while obtain-

(Continued on page 319.)

Floor Plans on pages 319 and 320

BY-PATHS IN A LOVELY GARDEN



YOU may find a woman hospitable, courteous, brilliant in her charming drawing room—you are pleased but not satisfied; for realities, for the human virtues that are sacred we seek womankind at the fireside. It is not the opera but the lullaby that is the well-spring of a nation's music. And so in the garden—if a woman is her own gardener (and most American women are)—you judge her garden craft not from the rich hedges that shelter her lawns, or from the conservatories which furnish her table, or from the aviary that furnishes nature's music, but from the by-paths that lead out to favorite haunts—to a restful seat at the edge of the lake, to the spot where the first adder tongue and anemone bloom, to haunts of mysterious beauties, the nesting place of the wild geese, the hidden home of the bluebird lovers, the sewing bench under the flowering linden.

And it is these garden paths that lead you direct to the soul of the gardener. In no other way could you so quickly and intimately recognize her virtues.

This is why in describing so lovely a garden as Mrs. Gotthold's in Greenwich, Connecticut, we are selecting for the pleasure of our readers three lovely pathways which reveal a woman gardener's love of beauty, her knowledge of how to produce it and rarely intimate and exquisite effects in color and form which she has achieved. In order to fully delight in the different beauty spots of this garden it is well to look first at the pictures which illustrate this article. In no other way can you so easily follow the planting for form and beauty that has been done in this lovely place.

The first picture shows the edge of a rounded plateau with a terrace below and a long wall holding the incline which dips to the wild woods beyond. Back in the woods and at the edge of the plateau are cedars and hemlocks and oaks, bayberry and magnolia, a combination of tree planting that makes this spot equally beautiful in winter and summer time. At the very top of the low wall are ever-blooming roses. And the wall seems to be just the foundation for these roses which bloom far above it and droop well over it in many varieties. The sides of the wall itself hold sedum and golden saxifrage, arabis, campanulas, Kenilworth ivy, small phlox and other low growing perennials. It is a perpendicular flower bed reaching up from the path to the crown of roses. In the crevices, too, are lovely ferns and wild flowers and down the long slope near the wall is a mass of roses, the Memorial, Dorothy Perkins and Aglaie—a drapery of beauty that lifts to your notice with every breath of summer wind.

A lovely mysterious pathway is shown in the second picture. The



ONE CORNER OF MRS. GOTTHOLD'S GARDEN in Greenwich, Connecticut, showing a rich planting of roses and ivy and phlox with a background of oaks and hemlocks, cedars, bayberry and magnolia, the whole having an effect at once luxurious and comforting.

A BEAUTIFUL BY-PATH is shown at the left; bordered early in the year with narcissus, later with fox-glove, larkspur and Madonna lilies, and in the fall a profusion of chrysanthemums.

Pictures from Mrs. Gotthold's Garden.

THE PATHWAY LEADING TO THE LAKE made beautiful with iris from every nation: The tangle at the background of this picture is mainly of wild flowers and leads out into the wild woods.

BY-PATHS IN A LOVELY GARDEN

green wall faces it and both borders are thick with beautiful blossoms. When this picture was taken the yellow foxglove was just fading and there was one spray of *fraxinella* as a memory of former beauty. Early in the year there was a border of narcissi; toward June the *sedum spectabile*, and later the white chrysanthemum are found in masses. White and mauve mallow bloom profusely along this pathway in company with hollyhocks and phlox and in June patches of larkspur and the Madonna lily. Of course, the hardy chrysanthemum will appear in the fall and the hardy aster, and at the very end of the path mullein rise like sentinels. The green massing beyond the path is wonderful in the springtime with azaleas, laurel and native rhododendron, and at the foot of this beauty bloom lilies-of-the-valley and periwinkles.

In the picture below is shown the path leading to the lake—a narrow by-path with masses of tangled beauty on either side. On the left, it is bordered with forget-me-nots and the German iris; later come the Siberian iris, and still later at the time when this photograph was taken the Japanese iris predominated. In the foreground one can see the wide leaves of the German iris and the bed is most impressive when they are in bloom. After these companions of the marshes are gone, the *auratum* lilies appear in July and last over into August, and still later there is the *physostegia* and the *Boltonia* and the perennial phlox. The border on the right holds the *iris pseudocorus*, and the early and later *lilium superbum*, and with these dignified flowers there is the garden loose-strife and *funkia* for grace and relaxation. The tangle which makes the background of this picture is composed mostly of wild flowers and leads out into the wild woods.

Such paths as these are indeed the trails of personality. No one could plant such borders, arrange such pathways, so stimulate beauty of color and fragrance and form without expressing through it all their own individuality, even more definitely than in manner or conversation, because the expression is more unconscious, more profoundly intimate. It is an immensely interesting fact that the love of gardening and the practice of it is increasing beyond one's imagination here in America. And it is the personal home garden that our women of leisure are most apt to create and seem most to enjoy.

The wonder and delight of such a garden as this is that with all its beauty it is varied from season to season and year to year. Thus a garden may forever give impressions of new delight, just as a fluent and rich personality does. The women today who are working in their gardens are doing it with the utmost delight. They are well informed in garden lore, they are practical workers and they regard it as a pleasure as well as a privilege to spend many hours in this close communion with nature.

FOR A DANCE: BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

THERE is in the dance
The joy of children on a May-day lawn.
The fragments of old dreams and dead romance
Come to us from the dancers who are gone.

What strains of ancient blood
Move quicker to the music's passionate beat?
I see the gulls fly over a shadowy flood
And Munster fields of barley and of wheat.

And I see sunny France,
And the vine's tendrils quivering to the light,
And faces, faces, yearning for the dance
With wistful eyes that look on our delight.

They live through us again
And we through them, who wish for lips and eyes
Wherewith to feel, not fancy, the old pain
Passed with reluctance through the centuries.

To us, who in the maze
Of dancing and hushed music woven afresh
Amid the shifting mirrors of hours and days
Know not our spirit, neither know our flesh:

Nor what ourselves have been,
Through the long day that brought us to the dance
I see a little green by Camolin
And odorous orchards blooming in Provence.

Two listen to the roar
Of waves moon-smitten, where no steps intrude.
Who knows what lips were kissed at Laracor?
Or who it was that walked through Burnham wood?

From "Songs and Satires," Published by *The Macmillan Company*



A civic gardener of Los Angeles: Turning his own corner of the world into blossoms.

PUTTING YOUR CIVIC HOUSE IN ORDER: HOW THE YOUNG MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY HELP: BY MARY RICHARDS GRAY



THE desire for beauty, health, order is inherent in mankind, is among the deepest and most powerful forces in life. Man's first consciousness of these desires is operative only within the narrow confines of his own personality. Then, as he grows wiser, he wishes beauty, health and happiness for his family, then for his neighbor, his city, country, until finally he is eager for the joy and the advancement of the whole world. He no longer thinks that his interests are confined only within himself, he knows that the boundary of his life extends until it touches the uttermost ends of the world. He feels that his home is the world, not just merely the corner lot in a small town upon which he has built a house. He understands that as he makes his own lot more beautiful he has increased the beauty of the world, that every improvement he makes in his own house is made for his community as well, that it is virtually impossible for him to work for himself alone, that he rises or falls with his neighbors, with his countrymen.

This larger, pleasanter, truer outlook on life has recently been reached in most interesting manner by the citizens, old and young, of Los Angeles through a widespread civic housekeeping siege. Even the children now understand that as they clean up their small corner of their yard and make flowers to blossom where weeds once bristled, they help clean up the city and become true gardeners. If every child in a town and every town in the country followed the Los Angeles

PUTTING YOUR CIVIC HOUSE IN ORDER

plan of campaign for a more beautiful and healthful city America would be the beauty spot of the world.

The putting in order of Los Angeles' civic house began when in nineteen hundred and fifteen the cordial invitation went out to the whole world to visit California. A committee was formed whose duties were to superintend garden planning. They knew that their city had a wonderful location in the midst of a fertile plain extending from the mountains to the sea; that nestled in the foothills and scattered along the dunes to the sea were many small municipalities connected with hundreds of miles of good roads, winding in and out between waving fields of grain, truck gardens, orchards of citrus fruits, walnuts, plums, peaches and figs; that its schools were unexcelled and that the interest of the people in agriculture was intense, yet that unsightly waste places and a woeful lack of finish and uniformity marred this natural beauty and showed that the best possible use was not being made by man of the lavish gifts of Nature. How to awaken people to a greater appreciation of the beauty running riot all about them, how to arouse them from an easy tolerance of unkempt surroundings, how to interest them in creating a more perfect city was a problem to be met.

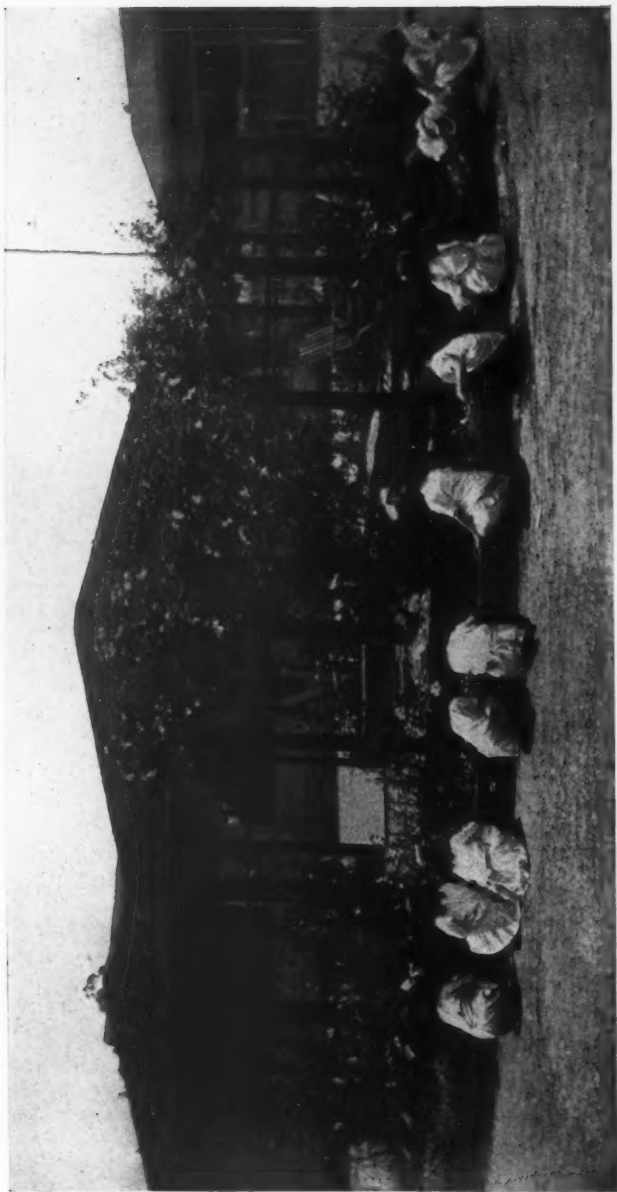
After much debating the committee decided to link extensive civic improvement work with regular school instruction in agriculture for the reason that more people could be reached through their children in the schools than in any other way, and conduct a garden contest on as large a scale as possible. This general idea expanded into final form, resulted in the division of city and county schools, women's clubs, and municipalities into six classes with an offer of cash prizes contributed by public minded citizens and placed at the disposal of the committee.

ONCE the project was settled upon the matter was turned over to sub-committees and the schools. Seven landscape gardeners were secured and the Department of Agriculture of the public schools was increased by assigning fifty-five teachers to part time work to assist the twenty-two regular teachers of gardening. A new feature—that of supervised home gardens—was added. This arrangement gave children not under school garden instruction an equal chance with those who were.

The committee furnished the rules, prepared and supplied manuals, gave score cards, lists of plants, planting calendars, cultural directions, etc., helped with the planning of all gardens, handled and furnished plants and seeds for a nominal price, took charge of all records, did the supervising, scoring, judging and distributing of



PRIZE WINNING SCHOOL GARDEN planted by students of the Laurel School, Los Angeles, showing the little gardeners at work and deep in a discussion of crop reports.



CIRCULAR ARBOR surrounded by a school garden planted and tended by the pupils of a Los Angeles school: This is a pleasantly practical new form of the old game of Ring a Round a Rosy: These little gardeners also won a prize,



BEAUTY CREATED IN A VACANT LOT
by four little girls who are growing wise in the practical lore of making flowers bloom where weeds once flourished: Their efforts won a prize in the Los Angeles campaign for civic beauty.



HOME GARDEN IN THE CROWDED PART
of Los Angeles city showing flowers blooming where
once tin cans obstructed the ground: Roses cover
an unsightly shed and clove pinks line the walks.

PUTTING YOUR CIVIC HOUSE IN ORDER

all moneys, "Continuation" teachers managed the home gardens after school hours. Their schedule called for visits to six different gardens daily between the hours of three and five. At each they gathered in as many children, parents and neighbors as possible, discussed problems, advised, instructed and worked up enthusiasm. They reported these home projects, their reports being supplemented by those of the supervisors of the department as well as of the committee. The score card used shows a clever method of bringing in many interests. Here is a copy of it:

One, photographs sent to the office; two, plans, diaries, drawings sent to the office; three, effort, general interest, intelligence shown by pupils in their work; four, neatness and freedom from weeds; five, general beauty and harmony; six, thriftiness, quality and utility; seven, growing condition of soil, irrigation and cultivation, one hundred points each; eight, results obtained in the garden, environment and improvement considered; nine, general beauty, neatness, quality, and the whole premises surrounding the home, one hundred and fifty points each—total one thousand points.

Officially the Los Angeles City and County Improvement Contest began with Planting Day in September, nineteen hundred and fourteen. However, in the city during the fall and winter of nineteen hundred and thirteen and fourteen the schools had organized the Garden Soldier Movement for the purpose of getting children interested in home gardening, and had done much work rooting rose slips for school and home gardens. One nursery alone had furnished one hundred thousand choice potted roses for home use that were sold through the schools for a nominal price. In the county schools in some places the organization of school gardens antedated the work in the city. In both city and county the curricula called for regular instruction in agriculture. After Planting Day came Clean-up Day on December thirty-first with the slogan, "Start nineteen hundred and fifteen right!"

One hundred and twenty city and two hundred and sixty-eight county schools with approximately one hundred thousand pupils, fifteen thousand home gardeners, twenty-four women's clubs, and seven or eight municipalities entered the contest. Soon it was found impractical to put on a large enough supervising force to manage home gardening in the country, consequently between six and seven thousand contestants withdrew, only eight thousand three hundred and eighty-eight remaining in until the close. Many schools and many homes that did not directly enter the contest nevertheless enthusiastically entered into the spirit of the civic reform and helped in a practical way to create a well ordered and beautiful city, one in which they could take a personal and just pride.

PUTTING YOUR CIVIC HOUSE IN ORDER

FROM all classes of people there came an immediate and gratifying response. Everybody understood what was being attempted because the newspapers gave their support by devoting much space to the subject. Every one became interested in growing things. Fathers and mothers worked with the children in the effort to make the home more beautiful. For the sake of the children, disorderly backyards, unsightly hencoops, sagging fences came down and new buildings, fences, pergolas, arbors, cement curbings and walks appeared in their places. Everybody encouraged the owners of vacant property to take care of it; everybody dropped seeds in waste places in an effort to cover unsightly places with a growth of some sort. With interest roused the leaders had little difficulty in furthering the movement for beauty, though it took an enormous amount of energy and enthusiasm to keep the contest going for a whole year. It is estimated that at least two hundred thousand dollars were expended on small improvements. Seedsmen say they never had such a volume of business and that in the city alone two hundred and eleven thousand people had gardens. Directly or indirectly every one was affected. Through all the contest stress was laid upon the fact that the contestants were not competing against each other, but striving to attain their ideals of home or civic beauty. The nineteen hundred and fifteen committee justified their expenditure of about thirty-six thousand dollars by giving to their work as permanent a character as possible.

The first big general result of the civic improvement contest is a lovely city, in the midst of a garden stretching from the mountains to the sea, with beautiful school grounds, attractive club houses, neat, trim, well-kept homes with lawns, vegetable and flower gardens, clean vacant lots, and flowers, wild and cultivated, everywhere in greatest profusion. But of even greater value than these physical things are the effects upon the individuals who wrought the change—the teachers, children and parents—and the community at large.

To the teachers the contest gave an opportunity for carrying gardening instruction into the homes in districts where school gardens have not as yet been organized, as well as for putting into immediate practice the lessons given as part of school routine. Moreover, it proved a way of solving, in part at least, the educational problem of directing children to educate themselves.

The children's part in making Los Angeles more beautiful was a business experience as well as a sane, healthful and inexpensive means of recreation. In any number of cases the parents, merely to emphasize the idea of business, bought produce from their children, while in other cases the neighbors, friends and local shop-

PUTTING YOUR CIVIC HOUSE IN ORDER

keepers took surplus stock. One ten-year-old boy put in an acre of garden truck on vacant lots, hired boys to help him and marketed the produce, realizing well on his venture.

It developed respect for property and civic responsibility: a most unexpected exemplification of this came one day when the writer took three "bad boys," aged respectively nine, ten and eleven, to a picnic. The way led through a part of the city in which there are beautiful gardens and parkways. Not a flower did the boys pick, not a blade of grass did they trample down. While walking along they discussed plants and plant culture after the fashion of old farmers, naming incidentally perhaps two dozen trees, shrubs and flowers. Accidentally one boy struck his foot against some lovely purple iris, half uprooting it. He turned, put the plant in place, pinched the soil up well around it and ran on as if it were nothing at all.

In tilling the soil many a child "found himself." In one school there was an Italian boy who just naturally could not help fighting. Though punished, he had a fight almost daily. All of a sudden he got interested in the work in agriculture and asked for a garden of his own. All the good land having been apportioned he was given part of a dump heap in a mean corner of a vacant lot just being put under cultivation. After a little the principal missed him—or rather missed reports of fights on the playground—and looked around for him. To his surprise he found him with a wheelbarrow laboriously hauling soil and fertilizer to his forlorn corner patch. Toni turned "good" and through interest in gardening got interested in other phases of school work. With him, as with all children, mastery of the soil proved mastery of self.

THE movement showed parents how the work of children can be made the means of contributing to the family income, thus making it possible for them to stay in school longer. In one district two inexperienced young boys in their very first garden venture raised so much produce that they supplied the table for a family of seven for a whole year and had a good deal to sell besides. It proved the practical value of instruction in agriculture, brought about a better appreciation of it and incidentally of all school work. It gave children an absorbing home interest and created in them a desire for a beautiful home.

For the larger family, the community, the gardening contest proved the dominant factor in city improvement work of the year. To be sure, the community went ahead with the regular improve-

(Continued on page 323.)

THE PORCH—TRYSTING PLACE OF HOUSE AND GARDEN



HE revered sage of Concord once said that "if a man were great enough he could make his home so beautiful that the sun and moon would seem only the decorations thereof." If the majority of us have not as yet art sufficient to build a home and to create a garden for it of such wondrous beauty that the sun and moon will appear to have been called into existence as the climax of our work, we can at least, every one of us, borrow the glory of those luminous powers that ever since they were placed in the heavens on the fourth day of creation have driven back the forces of darkness and caused things good for the sight and for food to spring up and clothe the world with an exquisite garment. The sun will vivify and the moon touch every spot of earth with matchless splendor unless man interferes with foolish egotism or destructive ignorance. Surely forces that can quicken earth to life, set brooks laughing, mists arising and showers to drift refreshingly across the face of the earth should be reckoned with and consulted in the pleasant matters of home and garden making.

The acme of man's skill rests in an ability to take the things of earth and recombine, rearrange them. He cannot create afresh a single thing or design the smallest object save as he turns to nature for aid. And even after he has taken the stones from the ground, timber from the forest and made his home, it looks decidedly out of place, pitifully alien, and sadly uncomfortable until nature has, like a compassionate mother, comforted it with vine and tree and flower. A lordly palace is a depressing, lonesome place indeed unless the tides of plant life ebb and flow about it. A little white tent is like an enchanted kingdom if pitched where flower stalk or branch of tree can dance in silhouette upon it. So when building our homes we should never fail to plan a wall or a porch or a stretch of lawn where the sun can cast shadows upon it and the moon create enchantment.

If your taste has proved to be at fault after the house you ordered for a home has been finished and it does not satisfy, then call in the aid of green-growing things, for their remedial power is nothing short of magical. If you have a small purse, but a mighty longing for a beautiful home, then build with bold simplicity, leaving all ornamentation to the decorative powers coiled up in the packets of seeds. You will not be disappointed in your home if you take the seed and bulb architects as helpers. It is not to be wondered at that children's eyes glow at the thrilling story of the Swiss family Robinson's little home among the leaves of the trees or that when they crouch beneath the current bushes they regard it as a beautiful home bowered with green.

INFORM-
AL plant-
 ing about
 the porch
 of a Cali-
 fornia
 house built
 of long red-
 wood
 shakes, per-
 fectly in
 keeping
 with a
 house of
 this type.



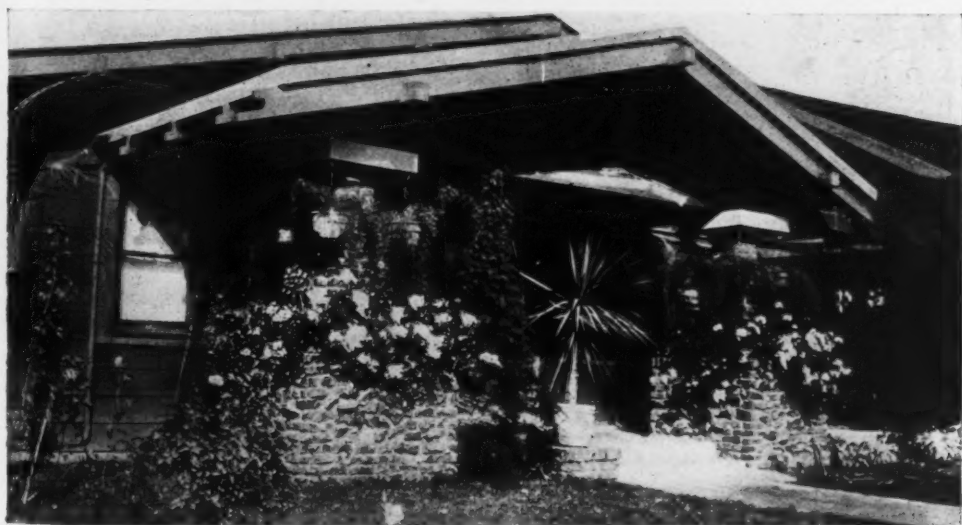
TRIM, NEAT AND SOMEWHAT FORMAL
 planting about the rustic porch that is full of a
 friendly attractiveness, in keeping with the house.



IVY
bring-
ing
garden
beauty
into
close
relation-
ship
with
the
house. Houses
seem
cold
and
alien
until
the
garden's
overtures
of
friend-
ship
have
been
accepted.

VINES
add the
finishing
touch
of
beauty
and
sweet
homi-
ness
to a
house.
Ivy
framing
the
en-
trance
to a
Calif-
ornia
house,
pleas-
antly
connect-
ing
it
with
the
garden.





GOOD EXAMPLES OF CALIFORNIA METHODS of uniting house and garden in friendly intimacy: Both are informal, graceful and altogether suitable.



CHERO-
K E E
R O S E
pinned to
the earth
to form
flowery
ground
covering:
It will also
climb over
the pergola
porch thus
uniting it
gracefully
with the
ground.



ARCADE-BORDERED OPEN PORCH or court out-
lined by gay geraniums, shaded by palm trees, which give
it a semi-tropical atmosphere so characteristic of California.

TRYSTING PLACE OF HOUSE AND GARDEN

WE are showing some photographs where house and garden have met in the half-way trysting place—the porch. The most matter-of-fact house will show an unexpected romantic side to its nature if given a porch, for the caressing wiles of a garden soften the hardest angles and bring out sleeping sweetness. In each of these houses a different beauty is seen, but all owe this desirable quality to the porch. Without the porch they might perhaps not have won a second glance.

In the first photograph a simple house has become a bower of rare loveliness. Fruit trees hang their glowing offerings temptingly before the wide row of windows. Decorative grasses fringe the foundation and clinging vines leap from the ground to veil the upper window with green. In the informal riotous tangle is a great charm. The type of house, the long shingles of redwood, require just such a natural appearance to bring out its sympathetic quality.

The second photograph is its opposite in every way. Trim, neat, formal, yet full of friendly attractiveness. The house sits close to the ground with not even a step from lawn to porch. Tree-trunk pillars and rough stone pleasantly work with the vines in bringing about an unaffected naturalness. The great clump of papyrus at the corner, the hanging baskets of *spingerii* and plants in tubs make a graceful screen from the street. Part of this porch is open to let in the sunlight, part is secluded by a thick growth of vines so that everybody may be satisfied and find the warmth or shelter to their liking.

Without the friendly aid of ivy, many a wall or home would be void of interest. The worth of ivy is not to be calculated in terms of gold, for it has twined itself into the heart of all garden lovers. There is a thick growing Irish ivy (*hedera helix vegeta*), slender cousins, *dentata* and *digitata*, the clinging *caenwoodiana*, ever beautiful English and many others. The only word of warning to growers that should be made is, that tender plants within the radius of its drip are sometimes sorely affected. In the third and fourth pictures may be seen what charm this historic plant brings to a home. Year after year it endures with almost no care, outlining windows, wreathing pillars, covering foundations with matchless grace.

The architectural importance of the porch in producing the indescribable home atmosphere is effectively shown in the two pictures on the third page. These bungalows would have but little to differentiate them from the ordinary were it not for the porches which furnish an opportunity for vines and flowers to show their decorative genius.

There is really no excuse for Californians to have ugly homes, for there are so many simple ways to avoid such a genuine calamity. In

TRYSTING PLACE OF HOUSE AND GARDEN

the first place, annual vines can be planted the minute the stone masons have finished their work. These annuals hurry and scurry over and around the porch railings and pillars in a few weeks. Good-sized shrubs can be transplanted with little or no danger and arranged in groups. A few hanging baskets with their trailing, swaying greenness work wonders in producing the effect of pleasant living while the more important perennials are making their root growth. Houses, large or small, without a vine-draped porch have a barren, unclothed appearance; they seem unfinished and are lacking in charm. The architect's work can never be judged until the garden begins to grow and take his work unto itself. Nothing is more distressing to look upon than a pergola before vines have enchanted it. A trestle spanning a canyon serves a useful purpose, so its bare regularity is not without a certain beauty, but a pergola is an inexcusable affront to the eye until vines conceal a pillar here and there, drape a sharp corner and set a few tendrils swinging with the wind.

A pergola is one of the most inspired of all architectural devices for uniting house and garden. The pergola porch is an outdoor room—slightly extended it becomes a bower walk. In the seventh picture we see it as both porch and gateway. Pleasant indeed to enter one's home under such a rose bower. Instead of a lawn these owners have arranged a flowery substitute, the rock rose. It tangles and masses, covering the ground evenly with a thicket of beautiful leaves and in their season a profusion of exquisite blossoms. People in the West often use this rose and the Cherokee as ground covering, pinning the long runners to the earth in the position they wish them to grow, with wooden pegs or small wire arches. They are also used to advantage in covering rocks and walls, for they will climb up or hang down or adapt themselves to level with equal good nature.

The porch in California often assumes the form of an arcade bordered open court. The concrete tile-covered arch shown in the last photograph runs along the garden side of a terrace creating a secluded outdoor room of unusual charm. The gray of arch and house makes a striking background for the scarlet masses of geraniums. Palms are never so decoratively wonderful as when provided with a plain concrete surface upon which to cast shadows and make positive contrasts of dark and light green. We know of one woman who designed her whole garden with a view of gaining the delight of shadows. She planted to have shadows on paths, across smooth lawns, on boulders, and the walls of her house. The result was a double, or as we might say, an enhanced garden beauty.

The West has the advantage of us in some respects when it comes to garden material, for there are so many ever-blooming, perpetually

TRYSTING PLACE OF HOUSE AND GARDEN

living vines and plants. Winter does not prune to the ground the growth of summer as it does with us, so vines often climb up and onto the very roof in uncontrolled exuberance. The bougainvillea is famous for its generous gifts of color, *cobea scandens* quite outdoes itself, wisteria expends unparalleled energy in creating clouds of long lavender panicles. The passion flower runs over the crown of tall trees, climbs telegraph poles and twines along the wires, dropping flower branches every now and then to swing with the breeze. They are often trained across the streets on wires stretched from pole to pole so that the city looks as though decked for a holiday, with this scarlet or lavender tipped, deep green fringe. Roses outdo themselves in tempestuous growth and variety of colors. For delicacy they have the dainty, hardy wire vine and smilax, the lacy asparagus and springerii; even the heliotrope climbs up and over a porch until it deserves listing as a vine. Jasmine, honeysuckle, vitis, clematis, plumbago, madeira, maidenhair and many, many others are scarce recognizable in their mammothian western form.

Some of the new porches devised by western architects for convenience of garden friendship are made with a double wall which is filled with earth and planted to flowers. The porch walls are of shingles, ship-lap redwood, stones or concrete. Sometimes there is a pierced base to assure drainage. Sometimes the walls are filled in solidly with good soil that touches the vital Mother Earth.

So overgrown are the porches at times that it is difficult to tell of what material they are made, but there is always a charm, an interest in letting the foundation and pillars appear here and there through the covering. In the first photograph the long shingles of the gable and foundation give a fine background of color. In the second it can be seen that it would have been a serious mistake to let the vines deprive us of the beauty of the rustic posts, gables and fine stonework. Part of the interest in this house centers in the way the rustic and stone has been used, so it would be unfortunate to conceal them. But the feathery papyrus at the corner, the vines that creep along the roof and climb up the chimney are great helps in creating beauty. Every day sees converts to the sleeping porch or outdoor room. Architects in the West at least have become ingenuous in the matter of supplying the invariable demand for places to live in by day and sleep in at night that are part of the house, yet out in the garden. Nothing but a porch covers so contrasting a situation. It is a wonder we did not enthuse over outdoor living and sleeping rooms long ago, for they bring a wonderful beauty to the house and health to the owners. The porch is like the expression of character on the face of a friend.

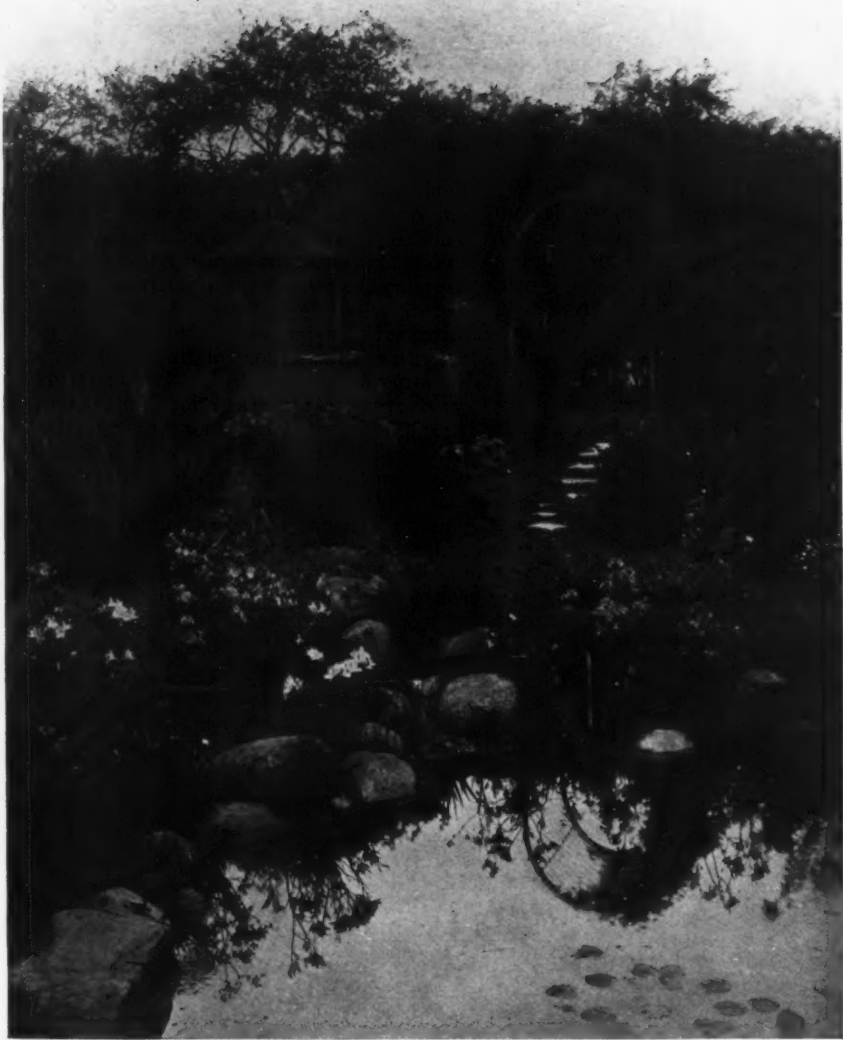
WATER GARDENS: BY E. I. FARRINGTON



IN Wrest Park, Bedfordshire, England, is a water garden laid out by Le Notre, the greatest genius amongst all the world's landscape gardeners, that is a perfect type of the classic ideals of the old romantic school. High yew hedges enclose it, holding its presence secret. All about it is a wide grass edge starred with the sweet little pink and white English daisies. The pool is long and narrow and at its upper end is a small marble statue of a Greek goddess. Tall trees stand about in stately dignity and the surface of the water is quite covered in season with the lily pads and blossoms. Solitude, mystery, secrecy encompass this beautiful, severely simple pool. It is a perfect thing of its kind and seems peopled with the memories of fair women, princesses, gods, goddesses, sprites and fauns. Rough winds never disturb its quiet waters, nor do swans unfurl their white wings about it.

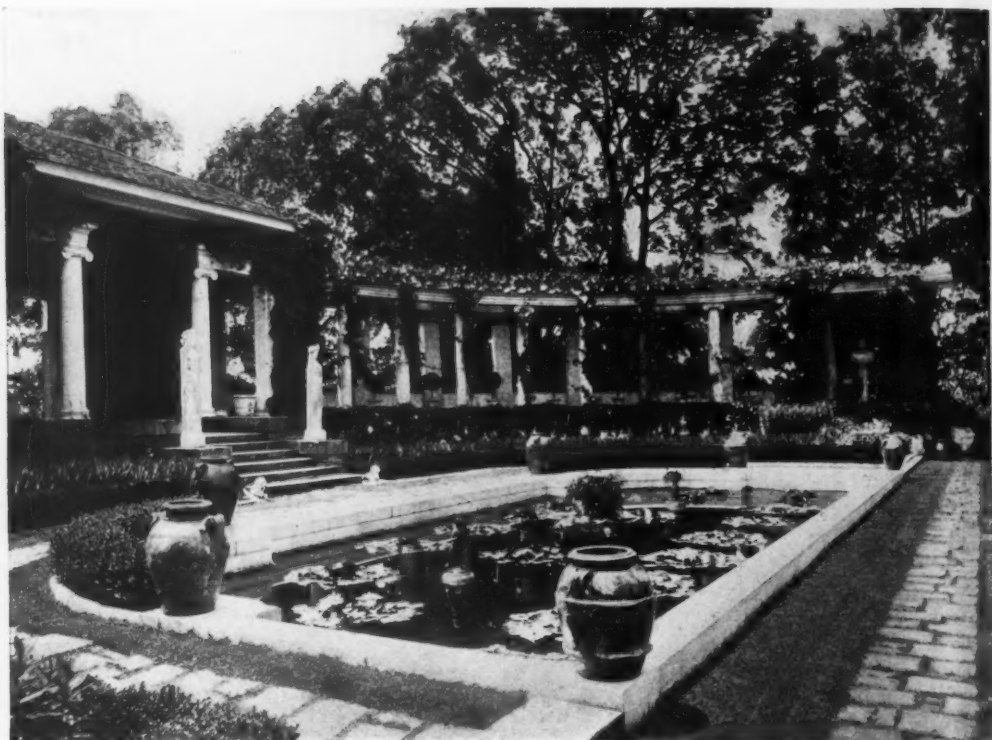
This lovely pool is quite different from the ideals we treasure over here. We like a clear blue expanse of water, open to the sky, with but a part of its turquoise surface jeweled with emerald leaves and pearly blossoms. We like their rims fledged with grass and rushes and all the lovely hosts of water-loving plants. We like it free from the shadows of trees so that swallows will skim and dart across it in the full sunshine; we like it to appear natural; an informal border of stones or gravel we prefer to a stiff, precise rim of concrete. We like to recall the nature-made pools by the wayside and in the wet meadows wherein water hyacinths, clovers, arrow-heads and pond lilies crowd in their own way among grasses and rushes.

It is easy enough to have water gardens of any size in gardens of any size. A water garden is not necessarily a pond or a lake; it can be merely the half of a barrel sunk in the ground, holding but a single water lily. We have known half barrels to be placed at the end of a water spout, filled nearly full of dirt and a few plants of water hyacinths placed therein. The plants quickly anchor themselves in this soil and the large azure spikes will rise above the water in spite of the fact that the barrel is receiving the water from the roof. Such a tub could be planted with the water poppy or a single common white lily. What a beautiful way to receive the water! The great temples in Japan receive the overflow of the roof into huge upturned bronze lotus flowers. For our informal American gardens these little pools are much more suitable. Huge water vats cut in half and sunk in the ground make a size larger pool; associated with these could be square boxes and the interstices planted to suitable perennials. In this way at very slight cost beautiful water gardens could be made. Another way is simply to dig a hole in the ground with an irregular depth of



From a Photograph by Nathan R. Graves.

NATURAL TYPE OF PLANTING about the rim of an informal pool: Water lily leaves when touching the bank carry the graceful irregularity of green out into the water, increasing the impromptu effect.



LILY POOL HALF CIRCLED BY PERGOLA in a formal garden in New England: These lilies were planted in tubs that they might have the different depths of water and the quality of soil needed for their best development: This plan also keeps the various species from mingling and losing their purity of type.



LOVELY INFORMAL WATER GARDEN on the estate of George B. Dow, Bar Harbor: This is an excellent example of the natural effects that can be obtained by the exercise of good taste and skill: It has all the unstudied appearance of a natural pool.



WATER GARDENS ARE MOST BEAUTIFUL when not too crowded with plants, as may be realized in this picture, for the tree shadows and reflected sky blues give fine contrast in the surface of the pool and the lily leaves and blossoms cut across the darks and the lights with picturesque effect.

A VARIETY OF GARDEN POOLS

from eight inches to two feet. The dirt removed from this excavation could be piled to form banks and the beds then well puddled; a few rocks placed here and there along the rim would give it a more natural appearance. Thus a pool is obtained at no cost whatsoever save that of a little labor.

Yellow water poppies, plumes of parrot's feathers, water snowflake and the water lilies should be planted in colonies and then allowed to spread in their own informal way. Around the edge of such a pond should be the water arrum, that beautiful wild thing with a Calla lily leaf, sweet flags, marsh marigolds, pickerel weed and wild rice. Giant arrow-head with leaves fifteen inches long can be made use of for a background; papyrus, fleur-de-lis, the tall white spikes of the baneberry should be in evidence, pink flowered milk-weed, as many sedges as possible, the water hemlock and horse-tail rushes, the cardinal flower and Joe Pyeweed. All these can grow in wild profusion, making a border from edge of pool back to the necessary wind break, for every pool should have some protection from the wind, not in a way that will cast a heavy shadow over the water, else the water lilies will not bloom. Nearly all aquatics demand strong sunshine, yet require protection from the wind. The arbor vitæ, Norway spruce, Sitka spruce, pines, oaks, make strong informal wind shields. A row of Lombardy poplars makes a fine decorative background. Somewhere between the rim of the pool and the bases of the trees should come the flowering shrubs like rhododendron, laurel, azaleas, Kalmia, Cotoneaster, oziers, barberry, and so on.

EVERY pool, large or small, must have some form of outlet and inlet, else the water will become stagnant. Water lilies will not bloom at their best in waters constantly disturbed by the falling of fountains or of waterfalls, yet the water must be kept clear and pure. The matter of drainage, however, is easily arranged by the laying of the inlet and outlet pipes at different heights. We have seen on a hillside a succession of barrels, boxes and pools placed at different heights with the regular form of them concealed by vines and grasses, the water dripping into the upper one, cascading in turn from one to the other all the way down the hill to be received at last into an ordinary concealed drain. The water was never stagnant, yet never flowed swiftly; just the slow motion necessary to keep the water pure. A few goldfish, or the common minnow or little trout, should be in the pools to help keep them fresh.

In the large ponds such as the famous one in Hampton Courts, London, a huge concrete reservoir is portioned off into small round divisions to hold the tender nymphæa and the Victorias or royal water

A VARIETY OF GARDEN POOLS

lilies. In this way each plant may have the depth of water and the quality of soil it most prefers and its desire to spread is thus fully restricted. The best variety of the common lily for the small home garden is *nymphaea pygmæa* because it is a free bloomer. The pads are three or four inches across and the plant is hardy. There is also a shapely yellow form, *Helvola*, which is well worth growing. Both these lilies, however, open only in the afternoon; but if the *nymphaea odorata minor* be planted with them there will be a continuation of bloom during the day, for it opens early in the morning. It is a little larger than the others, but does not bloom in as great profusion. Another good lily is the *nymphaea marliacea chromatella*, which has a large yellow flower. There is also *nymphaea marliacea albida*, a lovely white, and *nymphaea marliacea rosea*, a lovely rose color. None of these are expensive and they are all extremely hardy. The *nelumbiums* also should have a place because of their great size and beauty. These, however, are only suitable for large pools. They are not at all hard to grow, but should not be planted in the water until the first of May or last of April; the *nymphaea* may be planted early in April. The lotus tubers should be planted horizontally about two inches deep and if necessary weighted down until they get a start. If the pond is not prepared early enough in the season it would be best to buy plants well started and thus save a season.

Lily breeders declare that it is best to introduce water very gradually as the plants grow, keeping a level about four inches above the crowns. In the winter the water should be drawn off from the artificial pools and the plants protected with leaves or litter or covered with boards over which manure is heaped. The deep water plants will survive the winter without the water being removed, that is, if they are far enough below freezing point.

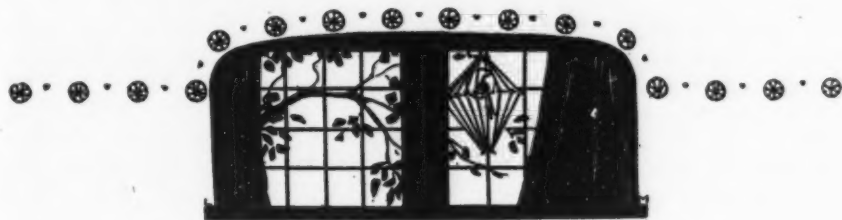
THERE are three lovely, most interesting pygmæ water lilies—*nymphaea Tetragona*, a little Chinese lily, keeps up a succession of bloom from June to November. Several of these flowers are open at one time from one root. Eight or ten snowy petals surround the golden stamen part. The *nymphaea Tetragona*, variation *Helvola*, is a bright yellow, the leaves are heavily blotched with definite reddish brown patches. The pink species are more cup shaped and are of a delicate shell pink. As it gets older the inner petals change to rose and finally to a deep carmine rose color. The plant often shows these three states at once, making it look like three varieties of lily. There are two great groups of tender day-blooming water lilies. They are always sweet scented and lift their blossoms on strong stalks well out of the water. The leaf margins are often

A VARIETY OF GARDEN POOLS

wavy. *Nymphaea Zanzibariensis* is a wonderful rich royal blue often ten inches across and borne eight or ten inches above the water. The blown petals are in the form of a solid cup shaped ring arranged about a group of rich gold stamens. This wonderful blue lily will accommodate itself to a small tub with but a six inch depth of water, up to a pool with water three feet deep or more. There are two forms and several hybrids of this Zanzibar water lily, the azure and the pink being the favorite. Among the hybrids must be mentioned N. William Stone, Mrs. G. W. Ward and Stella Guernsey.

The night-blooming water lilies open their flowers in the early evening and remain open until the strong sunlight of the next day. Each flower opens for three nights, then begins to mature its seed. The finest of this group is *nymphaea Omarana*. It is a brilliant pinkish red in color, unfortunately close to the magenta; the petals are faint and soft and spread gracefully. The *nymphaea Sturtevantii* show bright pink petals, broad and concave with bronze leaves which crumple at the edge; associated with this is the *nymphaea Devonnien-sis* with large flowers of a pure beautiful red. The George Huster, a large brilliant crimson variety, the Jubilee, white shaded to pink at the base, Bissetti, a radiant glowing pink, are other varieties equally to be desired.

The Victorias, as said before, can only be grown in large pools because they require a great depth of water. They are suitable for display in public parks, their great leaves attracting attention even though no blossoms appear. These can be grown from seed, although it is very difficult. The better way is to get plants that are well rooted. *Victoria Regia* and the *Victoria Trickeri* are the easiest obtained varieties. The latter makes a vigorous growth and produces three or four flowers in a single week during its season. The flowers are white on opening and change gradually to a deep rose pink; in fragrance it is quite like that of a ripe pineapple. The leaves of this remarkable plant are often strong enough to hold a small child.



FURNISHING THE GARDEN IN THE MODERN WAY FOR THE NEW OUTDOOR LIFE



HERE was once a terrible robber woman who fought a mighty fight with three strong men for the pleasure of wandering about a garden. The three guardsmen thought it most unseemly and beyond all reason strange for a robber woman to crave the scent of flowers, sight of garden vistas and pools. So when they found her walking in the paths they attempted to thrust her out of that Eden back to the dark and distant cave where she belonged. But she was not so easily dissuaded from her design and it was the three men who were thrust outside the garden gate! From a discreet distance they watched and were amazed to see that she harmed not a thing and touched not a flower. She craved that which they did not see and longed for that of which they had no knowledge—the immortal beauty of the place. So she filled her soul with fragrance, yet left the flowers themselves untouched, and quenched her soul's thirst at the splashing fountain, yet had no need of the silver cup beside it, then departed peacefully with rapt look upon her face.

This woman was possessed of a great and wonderful gift, that of being able to see the beauty of things untainted by the bitterness that often arises in the human heart because the things are not possessed. No one can purchase the glory of the sky, the light upon the sea, the splendor of the hills, the carpet of flowers spread over the world like a wonderful rug. These things are free to whoever, through appreciation and delight, claims them—they are beyond the reach of money, generally so all-powerful; desire and love alone give possession.

So we who do not possess gardens may at least look over our neighbor's fence and gather the unfading beauty to our heart's content and without the crime of robbery resting heavily upon our heads! We may hear the music of fountains and catch the perfume of the roses and be the better for it, yet deprive their owner not in the very least.

A great part of a garden maker's satisfaction surely must come from a knowledge that many people besides himself will enjoy it, that the patch of ground he plants for himself is also planted for many a passing stranger, that the rose upon his wall flings its perfume far and wide, refreshing the chance wanderer as well as the dweller within. Gardens should be built with this idea of giving pleasure as well as getting it. They should be planted so that there are seats where those who have not had the pleasure of helping to plant it may yet not be denied the right of enjoyment. There should be little

ETRUSCAN TYPE OF JAR in semi-porous material that gives plants every opportunity to breathe and to indicate to the gardener when they are in need of more water.

As the water becomes absorbed by the roots the jar becomes lighter in shade: This strong, durable, graceful garden jar is shown at the right.



MEXICAN in feeling is this jar designed to hold large plants or small shrubs needed to carry out garden design:

Such jars as are shown on this page are intended to be used upon porches, terraces, end of garden steps, upon gate posts or set in rows along paths to give a note of interesting color.

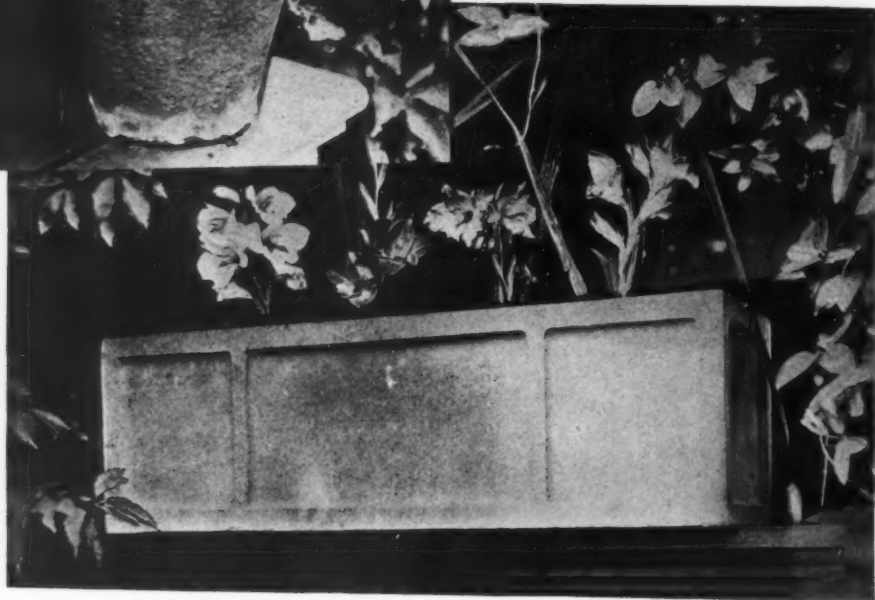


GARDEN VASE along slender, graceful Egyptian lines: Because this tall vase is made of heavy concrete it would hold the long stemmed heavy-top flowers without tipping over and thus be of great practical use upon a porch as well as a decorative ornament: Many are the shallower vases designed to hold flowers but few have been made to hold the tall stems of gladioli, hollyhock, Madonna lilies, etc.

Below is shown a May Fair window-box of simple and effective design: This box is of semi-porous concrete which gives the plant the air necessary to its health:

Such articles of garden furniture have one great advantage over those made of less permanent material, that is, when once put in place they will become a garden fixture that will never need replacing: The older they get the better they look, another great point in their favor.

Photographs
Courtesy
of Sharonware
Company



MODERN GARDEN FURNISHINGS

fountains under the wall by the gate to shrieve away unhappiness. These little fountains by the garden gate are as the *bénétier* beside the cathedral door.

There should be larger fountains that dance and play, sun-dials to keep register of sunny days, baths for the birds, jars for the flowers and many more such essential garden articles of furniture.

Gardens need furniture as well as flowers; either would lose half their charm without the other, for they represent two great contrasts—the permanent and the impermanent. We like things that stay as they are, dependable things that never change, that can be counted upon under all circumstances, in all weathers and at all times. We also like the unexpected, the evanescent, the undependable, the things that surprise us with brief visits, things that flit in and out of our gardens like will-o'-the-wisps, that we cannot coax to stay for more than a brief day or two once in a year. So in all gardens there should be dependable fixed furniture that we grow accustomed to, as well as flowers that come and go with the season. Gardeners should plant for the contrasts of strength and delicacy, for the old friends and the new.

Now the furnishing of a garden is as important a matter as the furnishing of a room. It is, in fact, a great outdoor living room, so should be provided with furniture which makes for physical comfort, with cozy sheltered seats, with little tables to put books, sewing basket, garden implements upon, set at convenient places, with larger tables upon which tea or breakfast could be served when desired. It should have all sorts of pleasant suitable articles about, such as make it look as though it were occupied, constantly used and enjoyed. As much fine taste and good judgment should go into the choosing of the garden furniture as of the drawing rooms.

Furniture for the garden must naturally be of a kind that will stand extremes of heat and cold, of a kind that will not disintegrate when rains beat upon it or snow lies inches deep upon it for months at a time. It must be of a nature that will grow old gracefully. Much of the beauty of Italy's gardens lies in the coloring time has put upon the old walls, the stone fountains, the marble seats and flagged paths. Furniture of wood brightly painted or of rustic has its advantage and its decorative value, but they are things of but impermanent value. Articles made of concrete become steadily more beautiful as lichens trace their patterns upon it and storms give it color; frost does not chip it away nor suns burn it unpleasantly. The forces of nature but make it more graciously like unto itself, honoring it with its own colors rather than stealthily destroying it.

(Continued on page 321.)

TWO NEW CRAFTSMAN DESIGNS: SMALL HOUSES WITH COMFORT AND A SENSE OF SPACE



It is a year since we ceased publishing two new Craftsman houses each month, our custom for twelve years. Because we had published over two hundred Craftsman houses designed with the purpose of encouraging a greater simplicity in house construction, we felt that we had perhaps covered the ground sufficiently; but from all over the country and with every mail we have been receiving letters requesting a continuance of this branch of the Craftsman work. We had not realized how eagerly our readers had looked for these plans or how studiously they had been considered by our friends in the East and West, in country and city.

We have been immensely gratified to hear of the large number of houses adapted from Craftsman ideas along the lines of simplicity and practicality that we have steadily advocated and endeavored to spread. Many of our readers have done exactly what we hoped would be accomplished by the publishing of these houses; that is, they have selected the plan that was most suited to their ideals and adapted it to their individual need, thus making it something of their own designing, incorporating in it their own character. They have added a room, perhaps, used shingles for building material instead of the suggested clapboards, or brick instead of concrete; have excavated a larger basement than we indicated, so as to include a wash room or a photographer's dark room, or reversed the plan in order to get the longest sunlight in just the rooms desired. In such ways they have developed originality, while taking advantage of THE CRAFTSMAN'S carefully thought out building details. Many people can draw just the plan they need as far as arrangement of the rooms is concerned, but have not the experience to draw a plan adequate to the builder's demands.

With each house we prepare a complete set of working drawings, which consist of the floors and basement plans and the four elevations, such plans as builders, carpenters and masons must have to work from. In addition to this our architectural department is now ready to give estimates, make specifications or to suggest remodeling plans for houses already constructed. Our architectural service also includes special designing of garden arches, trellises, pergolas, tea houses, boat houses, etc., if so desired. Thus our department is not only made complete again, but is in position to give all-round aid to whoever is planning a home.

Garden and planting plans will also be made. For those who

SMALL HOUSES WITH A SENSE OF SPACE

wish help in the planning of their garden we will be pleased to give estimates or suggest improvements in gardens already made if full measurements and such other points as direction of compass, position of trees, etc., be given.

WITH this issue we begin a new series of Craftsman houses, keeping always in mind the thought of eliminating undue drudgery in housework, of bringing about beauty through simplicity. Many steps can be saved in a day by proper arrangement of cupboards, sinks, stoves, ice-box, pantry and furnace, by relation of one room to another, and useless expense can also be obviated by putting all the plumbing of the house in compact position and by elimination of idle wall space.

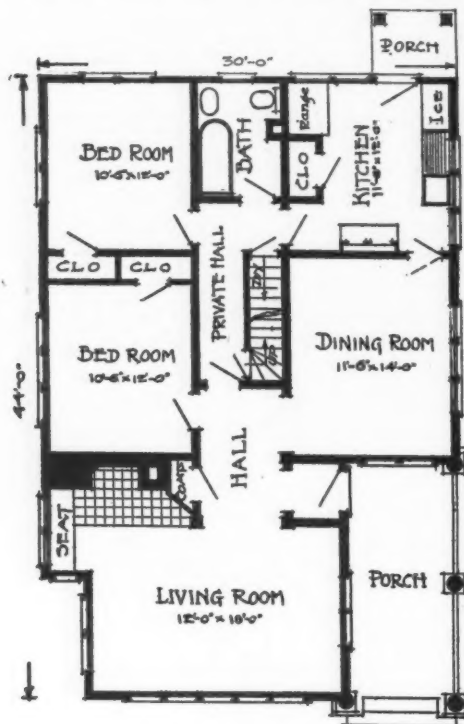
We feel that the home should be a place of constant enjoyment, a refuge from useless annoyance, a place of rest and a realization of interests. It cannot be this wonderful haven if it be of so complicated a nature that some one, mistress or servant, be taxed to the utmost of their strength to keep it clean. The home must be a restorer of life and interests, not a drain upon it.

We feel that every home should have a garden about it, or if not a garden at least a few flowers somewhere in evidence, some attempt to surround it with natural beauty. The effect of beautiful rooms and gardens upon growing children cannot be computed, it is too great and too far-reaching. What would our minds be without the memory of the first morning glories we watched open to the sun, of the scarlet trumpets with which we adorned our ten pudgy fingers, of the first seeds that sprang like green spears through the dark earth bed where we had so hopefully placed them. Believing that houses and gardens should be associated together we are planning to make the gardens about our houses a special feature. They will be designed as carefully as the house, and each description of a home will include practical advice upon the vines of the porch, the plants for the border, the trees for wind shield. We will show how bird houses should be placed, how attractive a bird bath is when part of a little garden; we will tell of vegetables and fruits as well as the flowers and lawns and endeavor to bring simple beauty to the garden as well as to the house plan, to the outside as well as to the inside of the house.

IN the first house we are showing this month, Number Two Hundred and Nine, the problem before us was to use a fifty-foot suburban lot to the utmost possible advantage to have a comfortable house and a generous garden space. A fifty-foot lot leaves but little room on either side for planting. Neighbors sometimes agree that the

SMALL HOUSES WITH A SENSE OF SPACE

block will look best with no division planting, as though the whole block was one continuous lawn. This certainly has a tendency to make each lot look larger and give a friendly look to the colony of houses. Since the lot of which we are thinking was but fifty feet in width, the house necessarily had to be restricted to a width of thirty feet. To make the utmost of these few feet permitted, the entrance to the house was arranged through a narrow porch and the whole house made deep rather than wide. From the porch, one enters a foyer through a small vestibule. At the left of the vestibule is an open view of the capacious and cheery living room with its generous row of casement windows catching all that is possible of the southern sun. On the west side of the room is a deep window seat. Beside it is a large fireplace with niche for books beside it. To place the ever useful coat closet in a convenient place, the corner between the end of the foyer and the fireplace was taken advantage of. The square end toward the living room was cut off in order to give better view of the fireplace and to make a picturesque feature of the room.



FLOOR PLAN OF CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER 209.

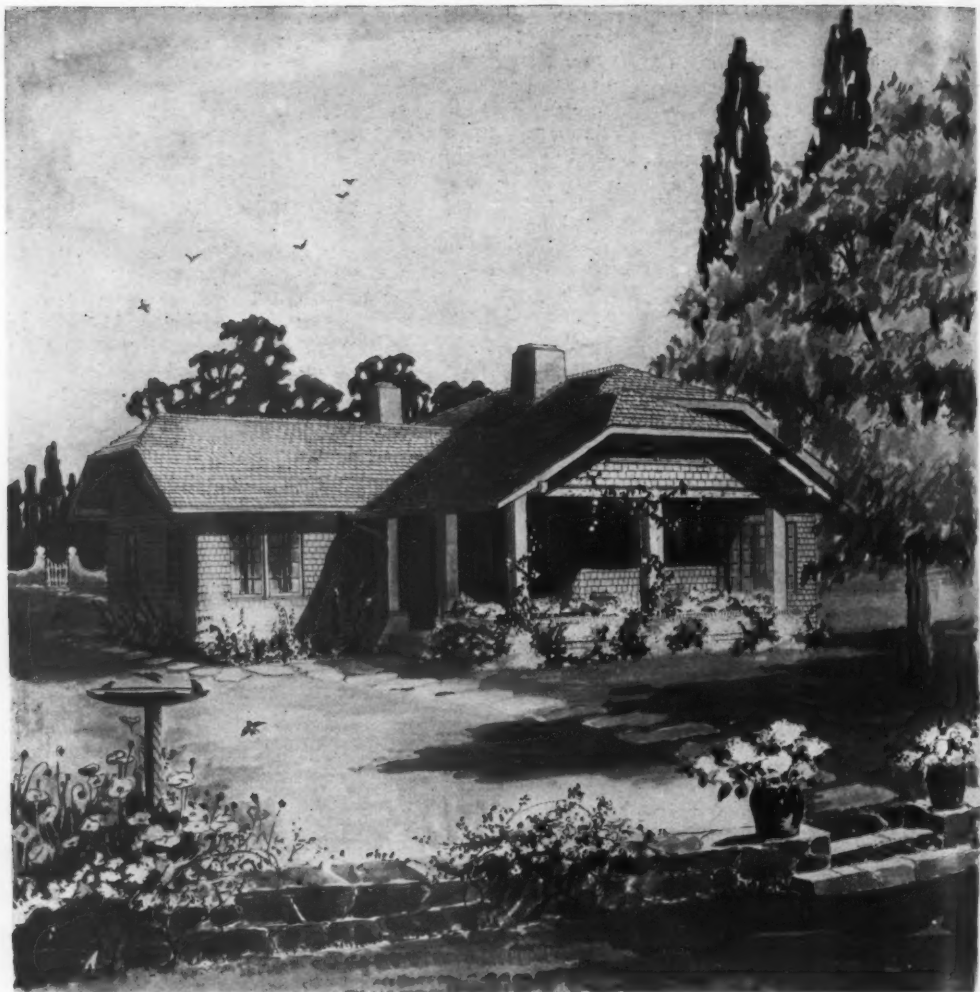
The dining room is entered from the right of the vestibule. This sixteen foot six inch by fourteen foot room is well lighted with three large casement windows at one side and two smaller ones at the end by the porch. A glance at the plan reveals the wisdom and convenience of the foyer. By means of a glass door or a portière the hall can be closed from sight and the draughts and heat better controlled. The large bedroom, which can be used for a guest room, will then be included in the front half of the house plan, making two divisions of the house, ensuring privacy to the other bedrooms and bath and shutting the kitchen out of sight.

The bath and the kitchen
(Continued on page 317.)



There are no Craftsman Houses except those Published in this Magazine

CRAFTSMAN FIVE ROOM HOUSE, NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND NINE, of wide clapboards designed to be erected upon a fifty-foot lot: This house is especially designed to give the utmost space for its size: Suggestion for garden treatment may be had from the little pool with its border of arabis.



There are no Craftsman Houses except those Published in this Magazine

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND TEN, also a five-room plan with interesting method of incorporating window boxes directly in porch railing: Even the smallest of gardens are made more attractive by the presence of a bird bath: Jars filled with plants also add to the garden's interest in summer.

SMALL HOUSES WITH A SENSE OF SPACE

TWO NEW CRAFTSMAN DESIGNS: SMALL HOUSES WITH COMFORT AND A SENSE OF SPACE

(Continued from page 314.)

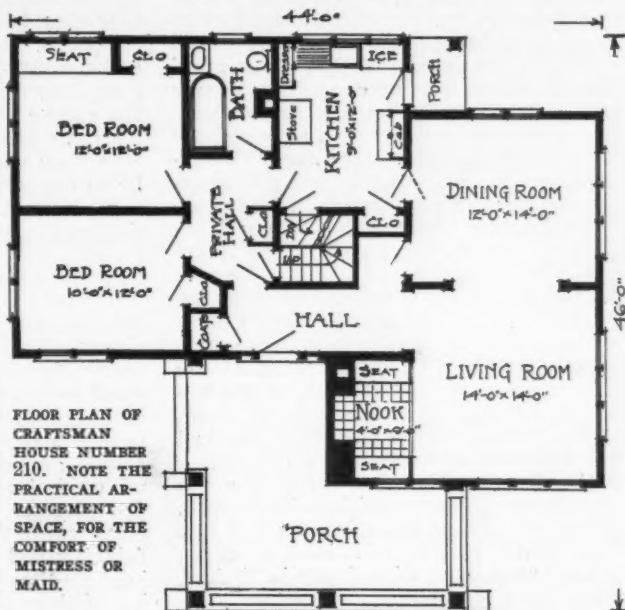
are at the same end, thus saving plumbing bills. The kitchen arrangement minimizes the labor of housework. The stove is by a window, so light may be had where needed and fumes of cooking escape the more readily. A roomy closet is conveniently close beside it and a large kitchen cabinet near the dining room door. The ice-box in one corner can be filled from the outside if desired. It is close to the outer door and service porch, so the iceman may deliver his daily portion without tracking up the kitchen. The chimney of this kitchen stove has been extended into the bathroom to save room in the kitchen. If a gas stove is to be used, this chimney can be done away with. The stairway up to the attic or storage room is reached from the upper end of the hall, the cellar is reached by the lower end, right by the kitchen door, which thus saves many steps.

It may be quickly seen by a study of these plans that one room leads to another, one part of the work fits into another in the most practical of ways, that there is no waste space and everything possible in so small a house, necessary for household comfort.

This house as designed is made of wide white pine clapboards, but of course shingles could be used instead, if preferred. The roof is shingles, red cedar, cypress or redwood, according to the part of the country where it is to be erected. The foundation is of concrete; chimney, brick, with stucco finish to harmonize with the foundation. It is finished plain at the top, only a little of the flue lining showing. The porch floor is of cement, so also are the steps, only they are edged with brick laid rowlock. Columns are turned, the purloin curves slightly to

give a note of grace, the railing is of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch square spindles; there is but a moderate overhang to the roof. All this, as may be seen, makes as attractive a cottage as could be wished. The placing of windows on the east side in different sizes, the large ones in the dining room and the smaller ones in the kitchen over the sink, make good division of wall space.

There is but little room at the side of this house for planting. One fine tree placed on boundary line would give pleasant shade and picturesque contour to this house and its neighbors at the same time. If desired, a low box or privet hedge could mark the division between the two lots, hollyhocks or tall delphinium planted instead of a fence. A little pool in the front yard bordered by arabis or forget-me-not, if delphinium were used, could be had at almost no expense and with little gardening care. Back of the house is the lot, which is 150 feet deep, ample space for a small vegetable garden or abundance of flowers to be brought into the house. If delphinium and forget-me-nots are used, white clematis or honeysuckle or white roses should be planted about the columns of the porch; if hollyhocks were used then red or pink rambler roses will be more suit-



SMALL HOUSES WITH A SENSE OF SPACE

able. Perennials should be used for the main planting because they make a more permanent showing. Annuals are better for the low border.

THE second house, Number 210, is also a five room house, but on a very different plan. Number 209 was long and narrow, this is wider and not so deep. These two, if adapted a little, cover quite a large variety of small home possibilities. The lines of the roof and of the house are interesting from any side, so it could be turned with its face or its side to the street according to whether it is destined to be used on the north or south side of the street, on a corner or a center lot.

A novel feature has been planned for the porch. The porch floor is of concrete and the railing is also of concrete built hollow with the idea of filling in with soil in which plants can grow. This permanent plant box is edged with brick and from a distance looks exceptionally neat and compact. Holes have been left in the bottom for drainage so the side of the porch will never be marred by overflow of water as is always the case when plant boxes are placed upon the railing. In the winter, if desired, a specially fitted board can be laid over the earth after the plants have been cut back, thus making a neat looking seat, or, better still, small evergreens can be planted for winter effects.

The house is of shingles, chimney of brick covered with stucco, pillars square and rough hewn. The long narrow windows giving light and air to the storage room, also give pleasantly decorative effect to the house itself. From the entrance porch one enters a hall. It is connected at the right with a large living room. As one turns toward the living room, the dining room may also be seen through a wide arch; thus an impression of spaciousness is created. On an occasion of family gatherings these two rooms and the hall would serve as one large room. A coat closet is at the immediate left of the entrance door. From a private hall extension of the main hall the bedrooms and kitchen are reached.

As in the Number 209 house the plumbing of kitchen and bath is centered. There are closets in each room and two in the hall. Kitchen and dining room are closely associated, with closets in kitchen, convenient to the dining room door. The

ice-box can be filled from outside if so desired, windows over the sink to give light where most needed, stove close beside it. Cross draughts are arranged for each room to allow perfect ventilation. There are no waste walls to hinder interior convenience of work or cost expense in building. Such intensive construction saves cost of building.

This house has not been designed for any especial size of lot, but can be erected in the center of a large space or on a small suburban lot, as desired. The design is so concise, so symmetrical, that it can be placed lengthwise of a narrow lot or across it.

Perennials of bright colors should go about the base of the house, foxgloves, gladioli or some such flower with a strong tall spike and the low blooming Sweet Williams, clove pinks, verbenas or any small plant in shades of pinks, reds and white to form its outer border; mignonettes, gypsophila, nicotiana, can be introduced here and there to fill in and give effective rich growth and furnish variety of bloom for the house. Cosmos or chrysanthemums also could be planted at the back of this mixed border to give fall beauty. All these can grow in the small space between the stepping stone path and the base of the house. Red or pink rambler roses should be planted so that they will twine about the pillars of the porch. On the north a fern bed would be beautiful, practical and interesting. A gracefully designed garden gate, either at the end or at the side of the lot, always adds charm to a home picture. There is no reason why a service gate should not be an important aid to home beauty.

Now that the interest in bird preservation and study is spreading so rapidly, people are daily finding beautiful ways to help the cause. One way is to provide water for the birds in some way. Out in the country water could be provided close to the ground in the form of a little natural brook, or in some low basin. In small towns and cities the bath or fountain must be raised so that prowling cats cannot destroy the feathered bathers. Besides, a raised bath such as is shown with this house makes a charming garden picture. People passing along the street enjoy the pretty sight of the birds drinking and the children of the household are thus taught to aid in the protecting of these cheery singing little friends.

TRADITION AND COMFORT IN MODERN HOUSES

TRADITION AND COMFORT BLENDED IN A MODERN COLONIAL HOME

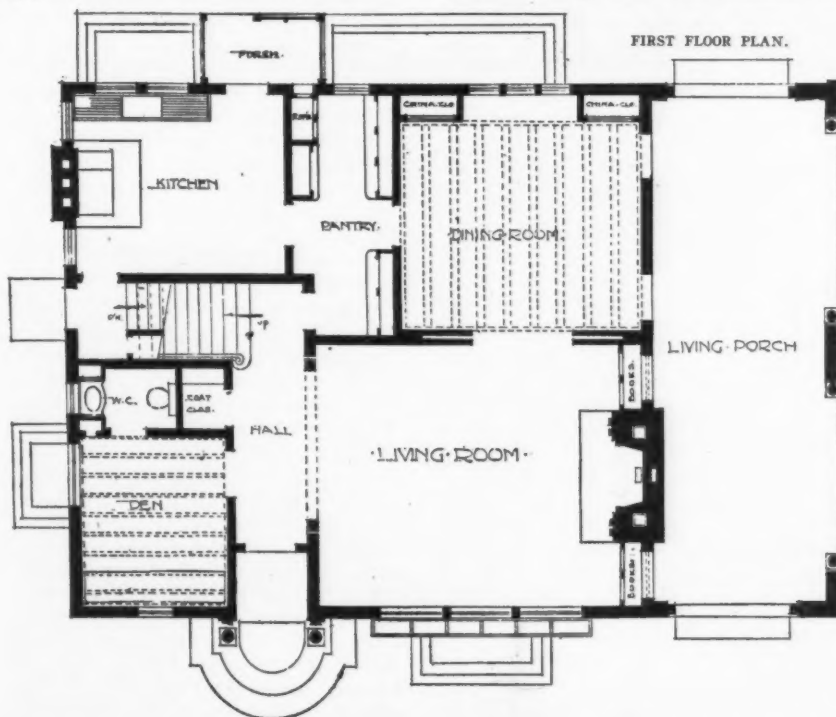
(Continued from page 277.)

ing as permanent a construction as possible. Beside their knowledge of the lasting qualities of building material and of the laws of proportion and charm of line that result in beauty, they must have a practical understanding of the requirements of housekeeping, they must know about such commonplace things as ice-boxes, coal chutes, stoves and kitchen sinks. In the old time the kitchens were often a step or two below the dining room and the pantries on the other side of the kitchen were a step or so above it. Often the dishes needed to set the dining table were kept in a closet on the far side of the kitchen so that many long trips had to be taken in the preparation, serving and the clearing away of every meal. Housework is much simpler now in spite of the more elaborate way of living because it has been systematized, everything placed with a careful desire to con-

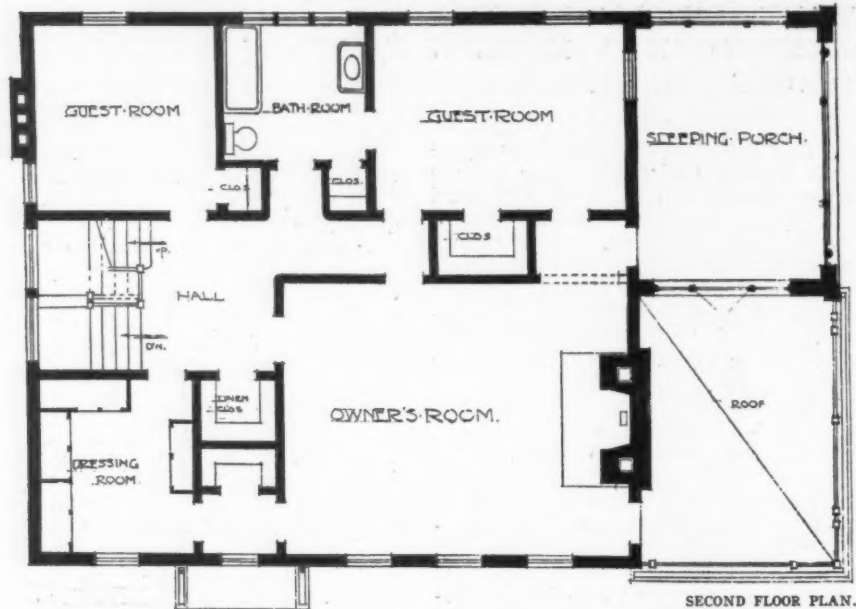
serve labor, work is done with more dispatch as well as under far pleasanter circumstances. The modern kitchen is light, airy and attractive, the pots and pans, wall covering, flooring, etc., are all good to look at. No more of the gloomy, dark brown paint that does not show dirt. All is now white or in delicate tones that show every speck of dirt so that it may quickly be done away with.

The floor plans show that considerable thought has been given to every part of this charming house. Beauty and practicality are the best of friends, large rooms, plenty of closets, abundance of light, convenient arrangement for work, consideration for the health and comfort have been planned by the architects in a most thoroughly satisfactory way.

Professional architects were rare indeed in the early days when most people designed their own houses and then built them with the aid of master carpenters and joiners. These men were possessed of certain knowledge brought over from the Old World, were of necessity exceedingly resourceful because they could not build as they had been trained to do.



TRADITION AND COMFORT IN MODERN HOUSES



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

Conditions in the New World were very different. The materials that they were accustomed to use could not always be had so that they had to adapt and to alter methods to suit new requirements. Therefore without knowing it they were establishing precedent and creating traditions for this generation to follow.

The builders of today are doing virtually the same thing, for they also, though following in the steps of their predecessors, must alter and adjust and adapt to suit the requirements of the present day and to make the best possible use of the building material of today. Their experiments with the best ways to mix concrete, the most beautiful way to lay stone, the safest way to build of wood, the warmest way to make the walls, the healthiest way to plan the rooms will all be studied and held up for emulation or criticism by those who follow after. In this way architectural knowledge is being developed and preserved, weak points are being discovered and eliminated, strong qualities noticed and made the most of. With the growing cultivation of good taste and more insistence upon the study of building, of art and architecture in the schools, the coming generation will doubtless do many wonderful things, but they will have to be wise indeed to im-

prove upon some of the charming modern Colonial houses now standing all through the East and Middle West. These little houses are beautiful as a picture, as comfortable as heart could wish.

There is much to hold the attention of home makers in the floor plans of this house designed for William R. de Vries by Bernhardt Müller. By a study of the first floor plan shown on page 319 and of the second floor plan on this page, it may be seen how practical an arrangement has been attained in a manner at once simple for the builder and convenient for the housekeeper. So much of the comfort and beauty of a house depends upon the manner one room relates to another. Little can be done with long narrow halls to make them beautiful and they certainly do not save steps, therefore are to be avoided whenever possible.

There is a close, aesthetic relation between a good floor plan and the outside of the house. When the plan of the rooms is good the outside of the house rises from them in good contours. The windows rightly placed for light within the house break the walls with pleasing symmetry. The chief beauty of a house lies in its silhouette; details take care of themselves if the form be on attractive, simple, bold lines.

MODERN GARDEN FURNISHINGS

FURNISHING THE GARDEN IN THE MODERN WAY

(Continued from page 311.)

ONE of the loveliest sights in the world is a delicate flower growing close up against a gray boulder. It is a natural thing for a flower to seek protection of a rock, for there it finds shelter from the winds, moisture and food, and the contrast of frailty and strength, of evanescent and permanent life and of color never fails to make the choicest of outdoor pictures. From these suggestions of nature's have been created some concrete semi-porous jars and pots that furnish flowers with a similar contrast of color, that keep them moist and give them an opportunity to breathe that is not to be found in the usual flower holders. These jars, some of which are here illustrated, are almost as strong as a rock, for they are made from a mixture of finely broken stone and concrete. Most of the models are simple in the extreme, their beauty depending upon chaste, graceful lines; though a few of the jardinières are faithful copies of certain elaborate Roman and Grecian ones.

These jars have another unusual characteristic and that is that they indicate when more water is needed. This indication is noticed, of course, in the color of the concrete, for when the earth within is wet, the color of the jar is darker than when it is dry. Too much water is as fatal as too little, for the roots become diseased if kept flooded, so the gardener receives a hint of



CRYSTAL SPRING BIRD BATH MADE WITH PROPER DEPTH FOR SAFETY.

the flowers' need by a glance at the jardinières they are in.

This material is also frost proof, another wonderful point for garden makers, because the ordinary large jar used as a garden ornament is apt to become ruined by frost. Unless covered over in the winter the water will freeze and utterly destroy the ordinary jar. This material, since it is unglazed, permits a certain amount of air to penetrate to the flowers, which is a condition somewhat like they find when growing among a group of boulders.

Still another point in their favor is that they may be had in a number of different shades—soft greenish, yellowish and pinkish grays, so that the gardener can make choice of whatever color or rock gray needed to carry out the perfect plan. Some of the grays are so near the color of stone that they are scarce distinguished from boulders when placed among them. When at the top of a flight of field-stone steps or at the end of a gravel path or upon the top of a concrete wall they seem the most natural and fitting finish.



GARDEN VASE OF HEAVY POTTERY ALONG UNUSUALLY SIMPLE, GRACEFUL LINES: IT IS 43 INCHES IN HEIGHT, WIDTH 22 INCHES AT SWELL: SUCH A JAR MAKES FINE ORNAMENT ON A PORCH WHEN FILLED WITH LONG-STEMMED FLOWERS: PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY WHEATLEY POTTERY.

MODERN GARDEN FURNISHINGS



Sun dials, bird baths, window boxes, lawn seats, hanging baskets can also be had of this same unusual, simple, beautiful and practical material. Scarce a garden is planned nowadays without some provision for the birds, but the bird baths have, up till recently, been quite beyond the purse of the ordinary small garden maker. These we are illustrating are extremely modest in price and the design as beautiful as though it cost many times as much. It is not too heavy, a mistake commonly noticed nowadays, and its very simplicity gives it an

THREE EXCELLENT EXAMPLES OF BIRD BATHS SUITABLE FOR SMALL INFORMAL GARDENS: PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY WHEATLEY POTTERY.

added value. It is high enough to prevent the prowling cat from disturbing the birds. If desired the basin at the top may be removed and placed down in the grass or upon the top of some boulder.

The "chat-with-me" garden seat is one of a number of designs that may be had and placed at the end of a garden path or against a hedge or in some cozy nook. It will mellow as time goes on, every year be-



CHAT-WITH-ME GARDEN SEAT OF COMPOSITION CONCRETE, PERMANENT AND BEAUTIFULLY SIMPLE IN DESIGN.

YOUR CIVIC HOUSE IN ORDER

coming closer in tone with the growing things. It is practically indestructible and a tremendous addition to a garden. Every garden needs furniture as well as a house. Seats at convenient intervals to sit upon, sun-dials for the sun to mark the flight of time, bird baths for the feathered gardeners, jardinières for the flowers that can be removed to the house for the winter, are all indispensable articles of garden furniture.

People with a practical turn of mind can make many things for the gardens instead of buying them. Concrete is not difficult to handle and a little ingenuity will suggest how such simple things as square jars, sun-dial and bird pedestals might be made. However, for those who have no time for the pleasure of making their own garden furniture, nor the skill or inclination to do so can find many beautiful things now on the market ready and waiting. A few years ago it was almost impossible to buy garden pottery or furniture, but garden enthusiasm has developed so rapidly in the past few years that scarce a need of outdoor room but can be supplied quickly, economically and beautifully.

PUTTING YOUR CIVIC HOUSE IN ORDER

(Continued from page 291.)

ments arranged for. To these projects the efforts spent on the individual homes and waste places gave the needed finish—the final touch of beauty.

The use of non-producing land increased the community wealth. The removal of disease-breeding dump heaps and the cleaning of backyards improved hygienic conditions and therefore lessened the work of the health department. It is impossible to estimate the far-reaching beneficent effects of this civic house-cleaning and garden-making campaign.

The general conclusions arrived at by the committee are: that the chief lesson of the garden—paying for things through work—is within the understanding of even young children. A contestant, a girl of thirteen who had had three years of instruction in a school garden, when asked what she was going to put in her home garden replied: "Well, my father is out of work, so I shall have to buy the very cheapest seeds, but that does not matter. If they are the best of their kind and I



SUNNY HOUR SUN-DIAL OF COMPOSITION CONCRETE: COURTESY SHARONWARE WORKSHOP.

work, cultivate and irrigate well, I can have a good garden." She won a prize, which incidentally now adorns her pretty head in the form of a stylish new winter hat. Why not? She paid for it with her hoe and watering pot; that contests of some sort should be carried on each year to teach the special culture of such plants as peppers, tomatoes, corn, etc.; that the organizing of garden clubs, rabbit clubs, poultry clubs, and so on, should be encouraged and that exhibits should be arranged from time to time at the stores of local merchants, in the parks, or suitable places; that all possible aid should be secured from parent and teacher associations, civic and improvement associations; that children should be credited at school for supervised home activities; that more attention should be given the teaching of agriculture in the intermediate schools for the purpose of unifying home and community interests with those of the school; that throughout the entire country agriculture should be made a regular part of the curriculum of every school system.

PROTECTING THE ROSE BUSH

HOW TO PROTECT ROSE BUSHES FROM THE ROSE APHIS

WHEN new growth starts on the rose bushes in the spring, and throughout the summer and fall, the young growth and the flower buds and stems of rose bushes are often covered with a small green or pinkish plant-louse, known as the rose aphis, which sucks the sap from the tender portion of the plant and causes an unhealthy curled condition of the foliage and disappointment in the number and quality of the flowers produced.

The rose aphis passes the winter in the egg stage on the stems and dormant buds of the rose bushes, according to A. D. Hopkins, Forest Entomologist, U. S. Department of Agriculture. The insects hatching from these eggs reach maturity in about 15 to 20 days, all being wingless. They are pear-shaped and either bright green or pinkish in color. At this stage they begin to produce living young, each individual in course of about 20 days producing 50 to 100 young, which, on maturity are either winged or wingless and in turn either green or pinkish. Thus the tender growth soon becomes crowded with various sizes, colors, and shapes of aphides, and, to insure their progeny with an adequate food supply, the wingless mothers migrate to less crowded growth and the winged ones fly to other rose bushes, each starting a colony for herself. In favorable weather conditions, especially in a humid atmosphere, many generations may thus follow one another, covering every bit of green vegetation on the bush with their bodies, their cast skins, honeydew, and the resulting sooty fungus. It can easily be seen that, had every aphis produced in the course of a season lived its full life, the progeny of a single overwintering egg would run into millions.

The presence of ants on the rose bushes is an indication that the aphis is present, because the ants collect the honeydew from the aphides and, to a certain extent, protect the aphides from their insect enemies. The rose aphis thrives best in cloudy, humid, warm atmosphere, hence with the appearance of a hot and dry spell they often disappear as suddenly as they appeared. Aside from a variety of causes, like driving rains, winds, etc., which decimate its numbers considerably, the rose aphis is attacked by

other insects which either devour them or develop from eggs deposited in their bodies. Ladybirds, lacewing flies, and the larvae of two-winged flies called syrphus flies are among the former and a number of species of tiny wasp-like insects represent the internal parasites. Sometimes these natural agencies of control are sufficient to keep the aphides so reduced in numbers that they do little or no harm. Notwithstanding the effectiveness of natural checks, however, their intermittent character unfortunately renders their help often too late to save the flower crop. It is always advisable, therefore, to watch rose bushes for aphides and to apply remedies as soon as they are discovered.

REMEDIES

Fortunately the rose aphis readily succumbs to artificial methods of control and, with the different styles of spray pumps on the market, there is no excuse for allowing roses to suffer from these insects.

The simplest, most commonly used, and often quite effective remedy is to turn a fine but forceful stream of water on them by means of a garden hose. Applied often enough this gives satisfactory results.

Solutions of fish-oil or cheaper grades of soap are often useful as a prompt remedy. The soap is used at the rate of 1 pound to 4 gallons of water. To make the solution, shave the soap into the water and dissolve by heating, adding enough water afterwards to make up for evaporation.

The best remedy for the rose aphis is 40 per cent. nicotine sulphate (a liquid which can be purchased in most seed stores) diluted at the rate of 1 part to 1,000 to 2,000 parts of water, with fish-oil soap or laundry soap added at the rate of 1 pound to 50 gallons of the spray mixture. The simplest way to prepare the spray in small quantities and secure satisfactory proportions of the ingredients is to put 1 teaspoonful of the nicotine sulphate in from 1 to 2 gallons of water and then add one-half ounce of laundry soap. One spraying is usually 100 per cent. effective, but if the first application has not been thoroughly made, a second one may be necessary.

In order to prevent the possible development of mildew as a result of frequent spraying it is advisable to make the applications in the early morning so that the spray will dry off the plants promptly.

The spraying device to use depends on the amount of spraying necessary.

MAKING BIRDS AT HOME IN A MUSEUM



MALLARD DUCKS POISED AS IN FLIGHT THROUGH THE BRANCHES OF REAL TREES.

MAKING BIRDS AT HOME IN A MUSEUM: BY ROBERT H. MOULTON

A FEW months ago there was put on exhibition at the Chicago Academy of Sciences what is undoubtedly the most unique natural history display possessed by any museum in the world. It consists of twenty habitat groups showing the birds in their homes and in feeding.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about these groups is the fact that the background is in each instance a photograph of some scene in the vicinity of Chicago, taken where the material was collected, enlarged and colored. These backgrounds are so cleverly executed and placed with regard to perspective that, in conjunction with the natural material used in the foreground, such as the branches of trees, shrubbery, grass, fences, stones, etc., they completely deceive the eye and make one believe that he is really viewing an out-of-doors scene.

The photographs used for the backgrounds were taken with cameras ranging in size from 4 by 5 to 8 by 10 inches, then enlarged to 5 by 15 feet, and tinted in transparent oil colors. The making of such huge enlargements was an achievement in

itself. First it was necessary to build enormous trays in which to develop and fix the specially manufactured sensitized paper, it being impossible to find any single sheets of the required width and length in stock. In making the enlargements six men were required to run the paper through the developer, two at each end and two in the middle. After developing the print the developer was drawn off, fresh water run over the picture and then the hypo, to fix it, turned in, in the same tray.

All of the work of making the enlargements was superintended by Mr. Frank M. Woodruff, assistant curator of the Museum. Mr. Woodruff also conceived the plan by which photographs of the completed groups for illustrative purposes were obtained.

In order to secure the proper effect, it was found necessary to photograph the groups by the indirect light in which they are exhibited, an exposure of about two hours being required in the majority of cases. For the same reason the tinting of the enlargements was also done by artificial light. From ten days to two weeks was required to color each picture.

The mounted birds in each group are quite as remarkable in their way as their surroundings. In assembling the groups,

MAKING BIRDS AT HOME IN A MUSEUM



WINTER BIRDS WITH A BACKGROUND PHOTOGRAPHED AND ENLARGED TO PROPER SCALE.

the Academy sought for the "news interest," to make them interesting for the man who has no scientific knowledge and whose attention must be caught. One group, for instance, shows a couple of fine mallard ducks at sunrise. A while back and the ducks would have been as stiff as bric-à-brac; now they are poised in flight, as lightly and almost as vitally as though they were actually rising from some one of the neighboring waters. Another group shows a

family of king-fishers in and about their nest in a cliff. The background for this group, which shows a stream in which a number of cows are wading, was photographed at a point where an exactly similar cliff, housing a family of king-fishers, existed.

The twenty groups cost \$25,000, and required a year and a half to complete.

Anyone who has taken the trouble to watch the interest with which visitors



SNOWY OWL, WHITE AS THE SNOW, AND HIS MATE, MOTTLED, AS A WINTER BACKGROUND.

MAKING BIRDS AT HOME IN A MUSEUM



AMERICAN EAGLE SITTING UPON ITS NEST, TAKEN APART AND REBUILT IN THE MUSEUM.

observe and study these and other bird groups in other museums mounted within their natural surroundings will realize how great an educational factor they are. Children feel greater love for the birds when they see them patiently brooding upon a nest hidden among the grasses

and flowers, when they see the mother quail teaching her little ones to "freeze" beneath an oak leaf, when they see how cleverly they weave their nests, binding them tightly to the tree branches.

How much wiser and more sympathetic a way to teach bird life than the



WOOD-DUCK, SHOWING NEST IN A HOLLOW TREE WITH YOUNG EAGERLY READY FOR FLIGHT.

MAKING BIRDS AT HOME IN A MUSEUM

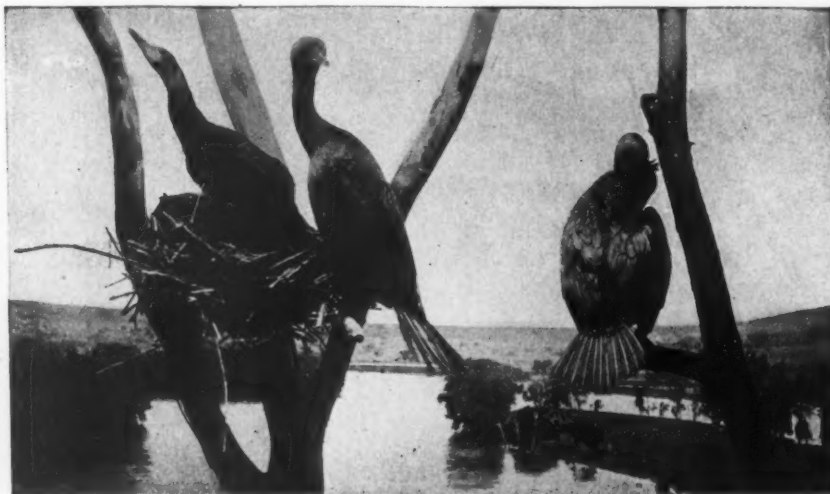


HORNED OWL AND YOUNG ON NEST JUST AS THEY HAD BUILT IT.

olden way of dissecting them or of committing their names mechanically to memory without learning much about their pretty human ways. City children who have not the privilege of getting out into the country to see the birds in their native haunts will find such groups as these a wonderful help to their imagination. They will never forget these groups any more than they would a trip

to the country where real birds live.

Few children, city or country, have seen an American eagle upon its nest, few are able to see a snowy owl. These groups are almost as good as a real trip to the woods. The noticeable difference between the stiff unnaturalness of the old methods of mounting and the life-like naturalness of these is typical of the increased interest in bird study and knowl-



HERONS, SHOWING NEST IN THE BARE BRANCHES OF TREE HANGING OVER SOUTHERN WATERS.

THE TWELVE SECRETS OF THE WOODS



BARN OWL BRINGING FOOD HOME TO ITS WIFE AND YOUNG STILL UPON THE NEST.

edge of their habits. This increase of interest in our little feathered friends is the result, in part, of the widespread information sent out by our Government, of the great value these pretty songsters

are to our country. Heretofore we have felt them to be beautiful like the flowers, now we know them as of incalculable value. The more we learn about our bird friends the better for us all.

THE TWELVE SECRETS OF THE WOODS

(Continued from page 239.)

school education who could pass these tests, and I do not believe that one out of the thirty-eight is without its actual value for the development and usefulness of woman-kind.

And when you have become a needle-woman of fame, you may also take the degree of the canner and jelly maker. This is a delightful department. It reminds one of the education the pioneer women of America must have had and must have given their daughters, and it certainly would add to the popularity of any young woman to be able to do all that is demanded of her as a real jelly maker. But it is not enough to be a needle-woman and a jelly maker; you may, if you wish, become a housekeeper in the highest sense of the word, that is, one possessing all the knowledge for the comfort of real home making, by entering the lists of the Colonial Housekeeper. The tests here are twenty-nine and they involve the learning of many of the most

delightful occupations, it seems to me that youth could turn to. Fancy gathering bayberries and making a half dozen candles; gathering the sap and making a pound of maple sugar; dyeing pieces of dress goods and skeins of yarn; or dyeing twelve squares of felt in different colors with stuffs found in the woods—butter-nut bark, golden oak, sassafras, golden-rod tops! It is a pastime for a Shakespeare sonnet. Also you must know how to make a cherry balm of black cherry bark, and you must crochet your own sweater and you must gather the hops and make a hop pillow and you must know how to make candied fruit and mincemeat and you must brew sage tea and camomile tea for the health of your playmates or, happily some day, your family. And you are taught to candy-sweet flag and mint leaves and you make a marigold salve, which sounds like some mysterious fairy ointment, and then after you have become a Colonial Housekeeper, there are still more honors, a greater knowledge of Nature, a wider understanding of humanity that await you.

All human beings delight in badges

THE TWELVE SECRETS OF THE WOODS

that are the outward visible symbol of some inner excellence, the proof of prowess, the evidence of achievement. So for each of these ranks, degrees and exploits, we have provided a suitable badge. The newcomer is entered as a Wayseeker and receives the badge of the order, but on it are two tassels of green, the proof of verdancy. One of them is cut off at each successive stage, and the Winyan wears the badge unsullied by any such derogatory emblems.

A Council Robe is supposed to be a possession of every member. It may be of any material dictated by individual taste, but the badges on it are the same for all. Every exploit and degree has a proper place for its display on the council robe as well as on the person of the winner.

Do you not see now, my old friends and my young friends, the power for the building of a richer and truer democracy that lies in the education of the Woodcraft Girls? We do not argue, we who have the progress and the spread of this education so deeply at heart, that it obviates the need of other education, but we do believe that if only one education can be obtained, none could be more practicable and desirable than this, and that as a supplementary course in pure democracy (for nature is the instigation of all great democracy), nothing more genuine, more enlightening has as yet been devised. It does not take young people away from their daily duties, from their home life, from their regular education, but adds to those duties the glorifying touch of romance, the sense of form, and whether in town or country, work or vacation offers to all the sweetest of all joys, the sense of some little triumph every day.

One of the great faults of our educational systems today is that education which is called "work," and play which is separated from work, have no relation to each other in the lives of our young people; whereas all education should be the enlarging of the faculties which make for appreciation of play, and all play should be associated with a mental and spiritual development which must bring about a better capacity for work. In other words, everything that develops the youth is interrelated in life, and a work that is not joy and a play that is

not productive are equally deleterious. There is very little idleness in the Woodcraft life of our outdoor girls; but I do not believe that after a few weeks or months of this camp life that any one of the girls who have commenced to work and study with us have ever felt for an instant that they were not having adequate enjoyment, that their vacation was not bringing them all or more than ever before.

Of course, I realize that a number of these tests which the Woodcraft Girls pass as they move on from one achievement to another will be regarded as unimportant or as superfluous and possibly no one is absolutely essential, for what we are seeking is not to teach facts, not to cram more statements into the weary storehouse of youth's brain, but to enrich the imagination, to set a higher standard on pure enjoyment, to bring an understanding of the real humanities into the life of youth; in other words, to form the character of our young people, to do it unconsciously so far as the young people are concerned, and instead of preaching or moralizing or punishing, to so open the minds and hearts of the American youth that the real things of life will be sought after eagerly and become so fundamental in the character that life itself must inevitably be molded along richer lines, touch higher ideals. I do not believe that you can mold character through words; it must be done through deeds, and constructive development of the youth of America seems to me rather more important than the reformation of the youth because of lack of constructive training. A wise general does not attack Gibraltar in front, but from the side or rear. The indirect attack is usually strongest. So also we say little about our national failings, but offer alluring activities that shall ultimately rout these failings out, for illustration—we are wasteful, we have been shockingly wasteful of nature's bounties. There is the other thought taking possession.

A little girl with her father was feeding nuts to a squirrel in Central Park. The squirrel had stuffed himself inside and now was burying the rest of the nuts, one by one. The father explained to the child that most forest trees that bore nuts were planted in this way by squirrels, because those nuts that merely

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fall on the ground were devoured by deer, etc., or were dried up.

"How many nuts that are planted actually grow into a tree, Daddy?" asked the girl.

"Oh, maybe one in twenty."

"Well, if I gave that squirrel sixty nuts that it planted would that be the same as if I had planted three forest trees?"

"Why, my child?"

"Because I want to qualify in the Brownie Lodge. I have got to plant three forest trees for one of the main things."

The honors of the Woodcraft League are for beauty, truth, fortitude and love, and the smaller vices of childhood are so isolated, so lonely, so unproductive in our camp life and town activities that without much notice or much comment they die a natural death. All our work is to reward accomplishment, not to punish viciousness. We do not find that latter necessary. No child is born bad; and they will never become bad if we do not force them to it by foolish methods. Only give them a chance and do it wisely, then all will be well. This is the big thought of Woodcraft.

BOOK REVIEWS

TRAVELS IN ALASKA: BY JOHN MUIR

FOUR times John Muir made the long journey to Alaska, to climb and crawl in hazardous, solitary exploration over its noble glacial monuments. No writer has succeeded in interesting the general reader in the beauties of nature more than this Western rhapsodist; no one man contributed more richly to the human store of scientific knowledge of mountains, plains and glaciers. In this, his last book, he arrests the attention of even the layman in the formation of glaciers, by his enthusiastic admiration for those majestic ice-rivers conveyed in the poetical language for which he is famous.

"I greatly enjoyed my walk up this majestic ice-river," he writes of one glacier, "charmed by the pale blue, ineffably fine light in the crevasses, moulins, and wells, and the innumerable azure pools in basins of azure ice, and the network of surface streams, large and small, gliding, swirling with wonderful grace of motion in their frictionless channels,

calling forth devout admiration at almost every step and filling the mind with a sense of Nature's endless beauty and power. Looking ahead from the middle of the glacier, you see the broad white flood, though apparently rigid as iron, sweeping in graceful curves between its high, mountain-like walls, small glaciers hanging in the hollows on either side, and snow in every form above them, and the great down-plunging granite buttresses and headlands of the walls marvelous in bold, massive sculpture; forests in side canons to within fifty feet of the glacier; avalanche pathways overgrown with alder and willow; innumerable cascades keeping up a solemn harmony of water sounds blending with those of the glacier moulins and rills; and as far as the eye can reach, tributary glaciers at short intervals silently descending from their high, white fountains to swell the grand central ice-river."

Climbing slippery domes or chopping footholds with an ice pick, tracing dangerous edges of fissures, lowering himself down blue crevasses that he might study the progress of the ice flood as it poured above his head breaking off sharp angles of the mountains as it passed, he was in his element. With a cup of tea and handful of bread crumbs he traveled hundreds of miles of dangerous country and endured hardships that only an enthusiast could survive and that only a poet and a scholar could convey to less hardy readers.

This book was finished by Mrs. Marion Randall Parsons, who had not only assisted him in preparing his other books for the press, but had gone over with him all of the notes from which this book was written. (Published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston and New York. Illustrated. 327 pages. Price \$2.50 net.)

OLD-TIME GARDENS: BY ALICE MORSE EARLE

A BOOK of the sweet of the year" is how the author describes this charmingly written book on old-fashioned gardens, front dooryards, box edgings and such other things as tussymussies, flowers of mystery, roses of yesterday, in lilac tide. With a sweet old-time flavor of speech and a winning, homey philosophy, the author tells of flowers, herbs and trees in a way that not

BOOK REVIEWS

only entertains most deliciously, but informs most practically. She has gathered together in this book a world of legends, pages of lovely quotations of flowers and of gardens and calls to our mind the quaint old names we should not be allowed to forget, or to lose through newly acquired scientific substitutes. She speaks of the flowers as though they were friends, relates bits of their love stories, tells of their healing propensities, of how to make them grow, how to cover them up in winter and plant them in the springtime.

Since this book was set up for the first time in November, 1901, it has gone through many editions. Each time that it comes it is received with fresh enthusiasm. It is a delight from cover to cover and is just the kind of a garden book that every flower lover and garden maker likes to ponder upon and have close at hand. (Published by The Macmillan Co., New York. Illustrated. 489 pages. Price \$2.00 net.)

COLOUR: BY GEORGE H. HURST

COLOR is handled in this book from the practical commercial standpoint of painters, dyers and printers of textile fabrics rather than from the aesthetic relation. The author's endeavor was to present such matters as the theory of color, its cause and production and a succinct account of the phenomena which occur on mixing colors together in various ways. He explains the results which are obtained by mixing various dyes and pigments together, the physiology of light, the measurements of color and such learned technical matters. There are a number of colored plates and explanatory diagrams. (Published by Scott, Greenwood & Son, Ludgate, London, E. C., England. 160 pages. Price 7 shillings, 6 pence. American agents, D. Van Nostrand Co., New York.)

A BEAUTIFUL DOORWAY

WE wish to make a correction in the title of a picture which was published in the April CRAFTSMAN. The beautiful doorway of Mrs. William McNair's house on page 10 was designed by H. Van Buren Magonigle, an architect, and executed by Samuel Yellin. In presenting this work of industrial art we gave the entire credit to Mr. Yellin, not knowing at the time that the design was

Mr. Magonigle's. We are glad of this opportunity to refer once more to the doorway, as both design and execution revealed a standard in artistic endeavor which is significant to all American artists as well as builders.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF "THE CRAFTSMAN," PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1916.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred A. Arwine, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of the Craftsman Publishing Company, publishers of THE CRAFTSMAN.

The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Name of	Post-office address.
Publisher, Craftsman Publishing Co.,	6 East 39th St., New York.
Editor, Gustav Stickley,	Morris Plains, N. J.
Managing Editor, Mary Fanton Roberts,	142 East 18th St., New York.
Business Manager, Gustav Stickley,	Morris Plains, N. J.

The names and addresses of individual owners, stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock:

Gustav Stickley, The Craftsman, Inc.,	6 East 39th St., New York City.
Gustav Stickley,	Morris Plains, N. J.
Fred A. Arwine,	6 East 39th St., New York City.
George H. Cruess,	Morris Plains, N. J.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: NONE.

FRED A. ARWINE,
Treas. of the Craftsman Publishing Co.,
Publishers of THE CRAFTSMAN.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of April, 1916.

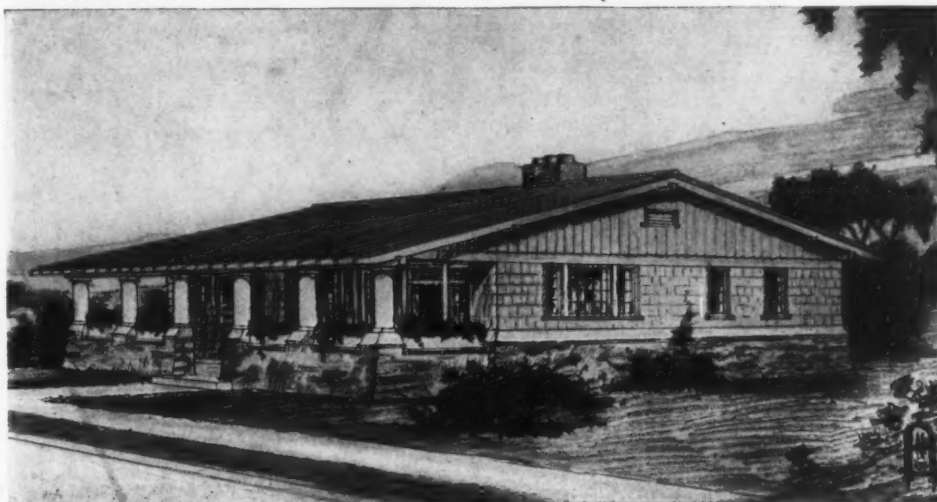
[SEAL.]

ALFRED S. COLE,
Notary Public, Bronx County No. 19,
Bronx Register No. 619,
New York County No. 54.
(My commission expires March 30, 1918.)

FOUR POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

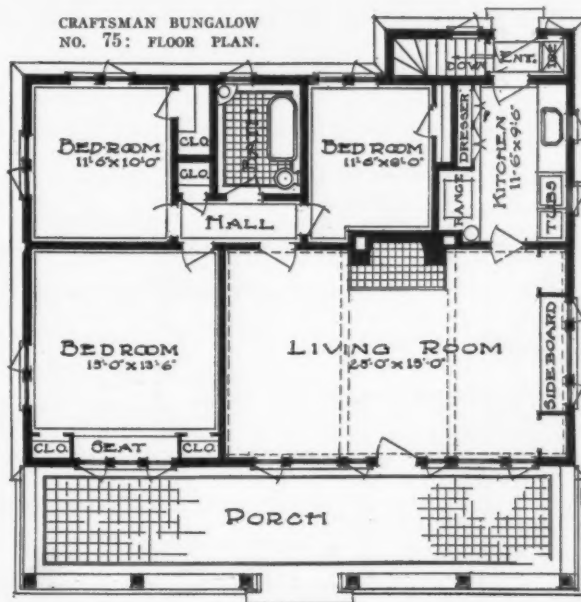
"**W**HERE can I see Craftsman house designs?" In answer to a persistent demand, we are publishing each month in the CRAFTSMAN MAGAZINE four Craftsman houses. This will be continued until we have reproduced the two hundred house designs which we have on file. A front elevation and floor plans will be shown on each page. We will furnish tentative estimates and cost of complete plans upon request.

Address: Service Dept., Craftsman Publishing Co., 6 East 39th St., New York City.



FIVE-ROOM CRAFTSMAN SHINGLED BUNGALOW: NO. 75.

Our object in planning this one-story bungalow, No. 75, was to get a comfortable, roomy country home for a small family, to keep the arrangement so simple that the mistress would find the housework comparatively easy, and at the same time keep down the cost of construction to a very low figure. As the slope of the roof is too shallow to permit shingles to be used, we have shown it covered with sheet roofing, and in order that the plain unbroken surface may not seem monotonous we have indicated battens over the seams. In the center is the fireplace, on each side of which the ceiling beams extend as shown in the plan. This gives a decorative structural interest to the end of the room that serves for dining room.



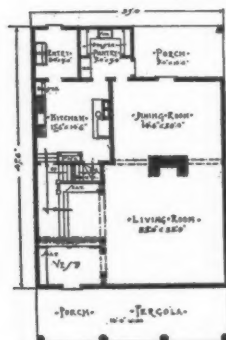
FOUR POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES



CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE: ELEVEN ROOMS: NO. 154.

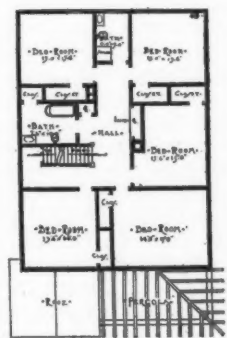
The construction of this two and one-half story house is of stucco on frame with shingle roof and dormers, hewn posts for the porches and cement floors, but the design could be carried out successfully in other materials. In planning this house the general proportion and the placing of the various structural features have been worked out very carefully, so that the exterior, while as simple and economical as possible in construction, might be satisfying architecturally from every point of view.

The arrangement of pergola and porch, angle of the roof lines, placing of the dormers, grouping of the windows, have been made to contribute to the decorative aspect of the exterior.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

The entrance is roofed over and the front door leads into a good-sized vestibule, with a window seat on the left and coat closets against the partition. On the right one enters the big square living room, from which the stairs go up three steps on the left beside a recessed seat to a broad, well-lighted landing that is reached also from the kitchen.



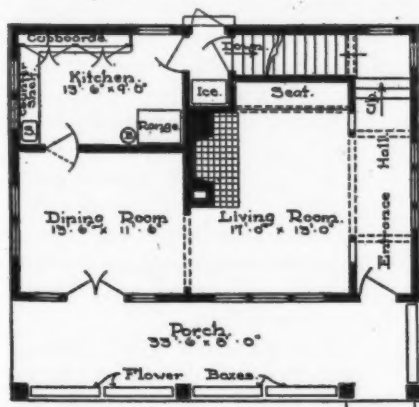
SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

FOUR POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

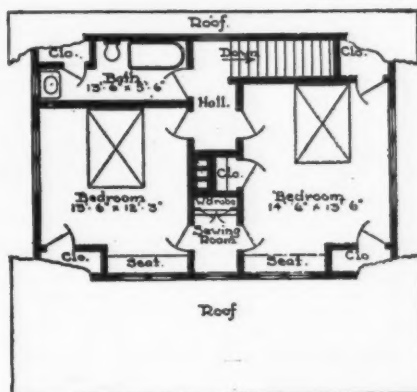


SIX-ROOM CRAFTSMAN SHINGLED COTTAGE: NO. 61.

Craftsman shingled cottage, No. 61, was planned for a farmhouse. The walls are sheathed with rived cypress shingles, chemically darkened a brown weathered tint. The foundation is of field stone sunk low into a rather irregular site. The broad roof extends sufficiently to shelter the porch, which thus has the appearance of being recessed under the wide-spreading eaves. The sweep of it is broken by the dormer with its group of casements, which give light to both bedrooms and the sewing room. The entrance door from the corner of the porch opens directly into a little nook. Back of the dining room is a small, conveniently arranged kitchen, provided with counter shelf and cupboards instead of a pantry. Upstairs are two bedrooms, small sewing room and bathroom.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

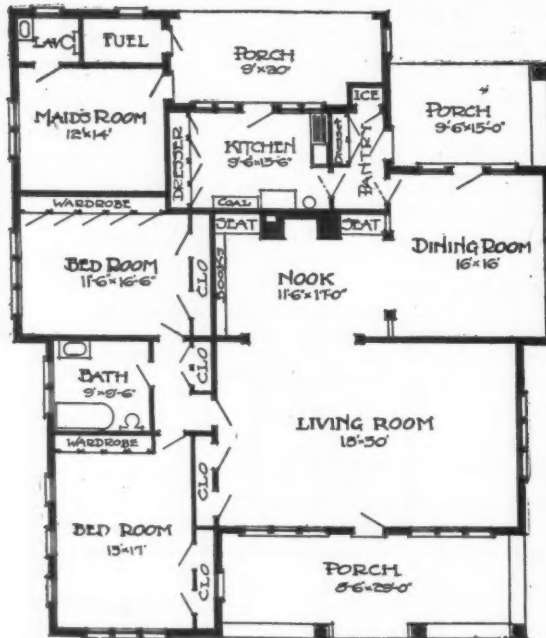


SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

FOUR POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES



SIX-ROOM CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW OF CEMENT: NO. 131.



FLOOR PLAN NO. 131.

Craftsman bungalow No. 131, illustrated here, is planned with all the rooms on one floor to simplify the housework and keep the interior in close touch with the garden. There is room for a family of three and a maid, or for a larger family if no maid is kept, the arrangement of the rooms being so simple that the housewife can keep the house in order herself without much trouble.

A building of this type naturally looks best in the open country among low hills or woodlands or near the shore. If built in the suburbs it should have a good-sized garden, and the neighboring houses should be not more than a story and a half high, if the bungalow is to look at home among its surroundings.

The design of the bungalow, with its roomy porches, renders it especially suitable for a climate where outdoor life is possible.



See page 406.

"OH, TO BE HOME AGAIN, home again, home again!
Under the apple-boughs, down by the mill!"

—James Thomas Fields.